THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MY NAMESAKE.

Dedicated to Her Mother.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Commend me to the little lady,
Dainty, darling Eleanor!
Mattie, Emma, Helen, Sadie,
Kiss her for me, o'er and o'er.
Never little maiden bore,
('Neath a sunny sky or shady),
With such charming grace before,
That sweet name of—Eleanor!

While around the darling cling
Purity and peace divine,
Kiss her brow and kiss her lips,
Kiss her lids, till they eclipse
Those bright, speaking eyes which shine
Like wet violets in Spring,
(When the light is quivering
In and out their petals fine).
Ah! the lovely, laughing thing!
On her soft cheek flushed like wine,
Does she feel my spirit-lips?
Feel my airy finger-tips,
As I clasp her close and sing:
"Thou art mine—art mine—art mine?"

When they wrote me: "'Tis a girl—
And we've named her after thee,"
O my blossom! O my pearl!
Mine own name seemed then to be
Sweeter, dearer unto me
Than it ever did before.
And a chime of bells seemed ringing
From some dim, celestial shore,
Chrystal bells, forever swinging,
Ever ringing, o'er and o'er:
"Eleanor! Eleanor!
Fairies of the sky and shore!
Fairies of the wood and water!
Hasten to this new-born daughter,
Haste to sleeping Eleanor!"

And I saw the fairies trooping—
Flitting, kneeling, sitting, stooping
Round the little downy nest
Where the babe was laid to rest;
Heaven bless the shining things!
With their tiny garlands crown'd,
How their silver wands and wings
Sparkled, as they gathered round!

And I cried: "O Fairies, gentle!
Make her lovely—make her mild;
Spiritual gifts and mental,
Shower on this little child;
Give her grace and give her beauty,
Till she blossom like a rose;
Make her know and do her duty,
With the strength that God bestows.
And, above all lore and art,
Make her meek and pure of heart!"

Then the Fairies, in a twinkling,
O'er the cradle flowers sprinkling,
Sang together, o'er and o'er,
"Eleanor! Eleanor!
In baptismal waters shriven,
Child of grace! to thee are given
All the holiest gifts of Heaven—
Therefore, now and evermore,
Thou art blest, O Eleanor!
Ever—ever—ever more!"

Ere that echo faded quite,
Every sprite
Vanished in a flood of light.

So commend me warmly, truly,
To this blessed Eleanor—
Anna, Bella, little Julie,
Kiss her for me, o'er and o'er;
Gay Alexis, smoking coolly
In the open garden door,
Kiss her for me yet once more.

Ah! my darling! many a mile
Lies betwixt me and thy smile,
Yet the hour may come, my pet,
When I'll clasp and kiss thee yet.
Be its advent far or near,
Born of clouded skies or clear,
In that hour, without a fear,
May I, (Eleanor, *la grande*,)
Say to Ella, *la petite*,
"Thou art all my hopes demand,
Or my heart desires, my sweet!
Thou art lovely, thou art holy,
Thou art learned and thou art lowly,
With a meek and quiet spirit
And a true and guileless heart—
All of this, and more, thou art!"
'Tis for this, (O bend and hear it!)
'Tis for this, I wait apart.

Eleanor, ma belle, ma reine!
Do not let me wait in vain!

☞ "*Irritable Captain*—"Your barrel's disgracefully dirty, sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to—" *Private Flannigan*—"Shure, sor, I niver—" *Captain* (*Irish too*)—"Silence, sir, when you spake to an officer!"

☞ A young bride, daughter of an apothecary, immediately after the nuptials, wrote to her mother-in-law: "My happiness is now complete. My ark has rested upon Mount Arrow-root."

ELGARDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA E. SPENCER.

PART I.

A handsome carriage rolled over the gravelled drive leading to the stately mansion near the beach, over whose dark walls and turrets night shadows were creeping already, seeming to yield but a chill welcome to the little stranger whose luminous eyes peered so anxiously forth to scan the new home to which she was coming.

It was a wild little face pressed against the crystal of the window—a face pale as snow, and so overshadowed by a mass of jetty curls as to make it look almost elfish in its singularly witching and wistful beauty. The mouth, delicate, yet full of character, expressed as strongly as the eyes that wistfulness which it was a pleasure to note, but of which pain was born; for it sometimes became too intent, and merged into a passionate longing, making itself felt keenly. One glance revealed a beautifully loving nature, starved for its proper food—a young life desolated by lack of something without which it must pine to death.

The horses paused at length under the shadow of a stately arch, champing their bits impatiently, while the footman descended to open the door. The little stranger looked out eagerly, caught the gleam of a flowing white beard and hair, with the glance of blue eyes, steelly cold, as moonbeams upon snow. Back of the venerable figure, and ranged in a row upon either side, stood the servants, headed by the housekeeper, to whose care Elgarde, the orphan niece of Sir Falcon Broadbent, was committed as she alighted, and was led by her uncle into the wide marble hall, chilled to numbness by the icy kiss he printed upon her forehead as the stamp of his welcome.

All the eagerness, uncertain restlessness and light had faded from the young face, leaving it white and still as sculptured marble. Once, indeed, the luminous eyes woke up and sent a gleam over its polished fairness, as she turned them upon the servants, a hope in her heart, that there, at least, she might find some feeling and sympathy with her loneliness. But that hope fell lifeless, as had all others, and her light foot glided over the marble floor of the hall and up the broad stairway, with a tread as proud and stately as that of a princess royal for the first time pressing its rightful privilege. With a resoluteness and pride unnatural in one so young, she threw the frosty folds of an ice veil over her heart and face, that no one might see beyond the bitterness of the pain that moaned over the hopes dead there.

At the door of the apartments assigned to her use, the housekeeper gave her into the hands of a maid as chill and frozen as all the members of that chilling household, and Elgarde was immediately divested of her travelling apparel, while the dame superintended the unpacking of the young lady's wardrobe, silently and mechanically as an automaton.

Presently her task was finished, and saying that dinner would be served by the time she had made her toilette, the housekeeper retired. The door had scarcely closed upon her ere Elgarde threw herself into a large chair and covered her face with her hands, heartsick and passionately rebellious at seeing all the dear dreams of her young life fading away, with no hope, no help to sustain her.

From her very cradle this child had been a starveling for affection. Orphaned in infancy, reared in the seclusion of a convent within whose walls she pined vainly for companionship, taking refuge from despair only in those hopes that were born of her dreams of home, when she should be called hence to live with her uncle, co heiress of all his vast wealth with two other orphaned cousins, likewise his wards.

Many a fairy picture had her fancy woven of this new home, but her first glance at its walls had given birth to a fear that grew as she neared it, and sprang into full growth and stature as her foot pressed its threshold, a very giant of despair. What wonder the poor little starveling cowered down amid the rich cushions, and smothered the sobs that rose in her throat, but which found no advent in that icy atmosphere, where she, too, would soon be petrified into the same silence and statelines that marked every member of the household, even down to the servants.

Nion, the maid, touched her arm, and pointed to the bed, over which lay a shining robe, ready for her dinner toilette. The girl's passive face was expressionless as Elgarde looked up, and her clear eyes met those of her young mistress quietly, though they fell as the little imperious lip curled scornfully.

"Is this a death-castle, where the grim monarch dooms all its inmates to perpetual silence?" she asked sharply. "Speak to me. Tell me what you wish, what is expected of me!"

Receiving no reply, Elgarde's eyes began to sparkle with an angry light, and she repeated her question still more imperiously, once more catching the maid's calm eyes. This time a sign answered—the simple upraising of a finger to her lips, passing from that to her ear, and falling with a little negative deprecatory motion.

The anger fled from eyes and lips, and the young orphan bent her head sadly, tears slowly gathering beneath the long lashes that lay like the silky gloss of a raven's plume upon her white cheek.

"No hope, no hope," she murmured. "They give me a mute for a maid, lest the pent-up fountains of my life should break out into rebellious words to shock a servant's ear. Patience!—give me patience!"

Changes in her were swift as the shifting of lights and shadows. The next instant the little queenly head was erect, the proud lips haughtily curled, the luminous eyes fathomless and burning. She commanded the maid to perform her duties by a gesture, and soon appeared in all the glory of a faultless toilette, by which her singular beauty was enhanced to radiance. Nion seemed to wake from her quiet indifference, and gazed upon the slight sylph-like figure rapturously, seeing which a faint color crept into the cheeks of the young mistress, that might have betokened either triumph or re-awakened hope. But she gave no further sign, and in a few moments more found herself at the foot of the stairs, where Sir Falcon awaited her, and gave his arm to conduct her to the drawing-room.

Here the two cousins waited her appearance to be presented. As the first was named, Elgarde lifted her eyes to behold a handsome, manly figure, towering far above her, looking down with a cool, critical, yet careless glance at the new comer, to whom he merely presented the tips of his fingers, bowed over her hand, and turning upon his heel, sauntered to the other side of the room. An instinct of positive dislike crept at once into the girl's heart. From that moment she knew that they should be enemies, for two people as averse by nature to each other as they were could not live under the same roof tamely, and the thought gave her a keen pang of pleasure that was like a pain in its intensity. Better to war forever with that handsome, haughty foe, than to congeal day by day into a statue.

The touch of a hand, soft and clinging in its clasp as the grasp of infantine fingers, brought back her thoughts to the other, who now stood before her, pale and slight, with soft, clustering brown hair, and eyes that looked into the luminous depths of her own with an expression of tender, pitying interest that thrilled her. Before she knew his purpose, the sweet mouth, womanly in its ripe, full beauty, hovered over her brow with a tremulous caress, which sent the blood in waves to her heart, waking its warmest impulses instantly. But for the freezing presence of her uncle and her other cousin, Elgarde would have thrown her arms around his neck, and hidden her face against his breast in the exuberance of her delight, spontaneous trust and affection.

It was like a dream to find herself presiding as mistress over her uncle's magnificent table a moment later. Pride sustained her. She had known that it was expected of her; yet she would gladly have crept from her place, had she dared, leaving the housekeeper to the place resigned with reluctance in her favor, and taken a seat beside the pale boy whose heartfelt welcome had swept through her being like a wave of entrancing music.

The meal was discussed in silence. Sir Falcon seemed indisposed to talk, and Thornton Meade occupied exclusively with his own thoughts. Earle Broadbent was silent from habit, but Elgarde thought as she looked at him that it was more from pride than choice. He appeared like one naturally sympathetic and social, but he would not speak to be sneered down by one his inferior in mind, though Thornton possessed the favor and the largest share of his uncle's fortune, upon which foundation he chose to lord it over his cousin with a vengefulness showing his dislike to the boy, and his envy of the title which could be transferred to himself only through Earle's death, as he was the rightful heir to it when Sir Falcon should have passed away.

Dinner over the three again repaired to the drawing-room. Sir Falcon assumed a luxurious great chair, where he reclined in stately watchfulness, while Elgarde rested upon a sofa and tried to entertain them all with a spice of spirit to which she gave vent solely for Earle's benefit. Thornton grew cross and restless, evidently impatient to escape the stately presence and follow the bent of his own inclinations, yet not daring, for the sake of etiquette, which Sir Falcon rigidly enforced in his household, and which was now so painfully observed upon his niece's arrival.

After several minutes silence, he rose, walked over to the window and looked out to hide an impatient yawn. When he came back it was to confront his cousin abruptly.

"Play for me," he commanded rather than asked. "You do play, of course."

Elgarde's brow flushed, paling again instantly as she raised her eyes to his cool, impertinent and handsome face.

"I do play, but you will please excuse me to-night. I do not feel musical."

"Certainly you cannot refuse to be obliging in the effort to play," broke in the sharp, cutting, yet measured tones of Sir Falcon's voice. "I desire to hear you."

She could make no reply to this save obedience, but the black eyes burned and flashed dangerously as she took her seat at the instrument, for Thornton with a triumphant show of politeness leaned over her to arrange the music, and she had caught the expression of his face with a flash of angry feeling which threatened to break forth rebelliously.

"Play this," he said again, placing before her a worn sheet, old and covered with marginal scorings indicative of childish hatred. She remembered when that piece of music had been the bane of her life, and the look in his eyes told her that he knew it. Her resolve was taken. She would not play it then. As he tantalized and triumphed, so would she. With deliberate hand she closed the sheets, faced the blank page, and played from fancy a simple little air with no brilliance, but some sweet touches that but dimly shadowed her power over the instrument through which great souls talk to great souls in language that is intuitively and rapturously understood, but are worse than Greek and Hebrew to those below the elevating level of divine inspiration.

A sneer curled Thornton's handsome lip.

"Ah, your dislikes as a child have extended to your maturer years with sufficient force to conquer your ambition, and you are unable through want of energy to learn it, to play the piece now. Fie, Cousin Elgarde! I am disappointed in you. I believe I have heard somebody say, I don't know who, that you bade fair to become a musical prodigy. This piece is not so very difficult," and he again unfolded it with the evident intent to *make* her play it because he saw she did not want to do it.

Without deigning a reply, she took up some old songs and from the airs wove beautiful variations that filled the room with exquisite melodies.

As she played she forgot herself. The heaven-born love of music in her soul woke to life and thrilled her with an inspiration that was like Divinity, breathed from the immortal world to bless mortality. Her whole frame trembled, dilated. Her brow, clear and pure, was like sun-flushed snow, high lifted into light, while the wondrous eyes deepened and glowed with both fire and softness. The passionate cry of the soul for love and tenderness crept sobbingly through the room, to which an answer came as from the distant stars—so high, so pale, so sparklingly cold and beautiful. This merged into a slow, weary movement that spoke hopeless despairing, till the ear was laden with oppressive sounds, and the heart ached over a woe unspoken in words, trumpet-tongued and thrilling in music, even when it crept so drearily from beneath the white and slender fingers of the young orphan. Earle bowed his head, his eyes suffused, but hidden from Sir Falcon by pushing his chair back beyond the range of his eye, while Sir Falcon himself sat with parted lips gazing at the fair face outlined against the dark, rich crimson of the wall paper. Thornton stood apparently unmoved behind her, but his heart beat in spite of himself, thrilled unspeakably by sounds before strange to his ear.

With this dreary movement still filling the room with sorrowful cadences, Elgarde's eyes drew Earle's glance up to her own, and while he looked into them, there was a little gleam and flash of hopefulness, followed by a perfect rush of joyous elfin laughter. He had read the story from first to last, and with those last glad notes in his ears, his slender hands were pressed over his eyes with a pulsing joy that sent the tears trickling through the pale fingers. She had broken the icy fetters about them, and in the brief flush of warming sunlight, to which she led them, their two souls met and pledged eternal faith and fellowship. Both were entranced—thrilled—satisfied!

"Now I will play your favorite for you, Mr. Thornton," she said, uplifting a face on which all the elfish whims of her nature danced mischievously. I have played myself into an obliging mood, and you may ask anything you choose without fear, even the fellow to this detested Fantasia, which I hate worse than anything else."

She did play it, but with a power of execution that rendered what was intended for brilliance, into a ludicrous combination of sounds little short of ridiculousness—without refinement, sentiment, or power. When it was ended, she sat demurely waiting for him to select another, believing that it would be of a different nature. She knew that she had triumphed over him, and gloried in it, as such natures only can glory, in paying back an unprovoked insult in an irreproachable manner. She had looked and stung him into a feeling akin to frenzy, without affording him the slightest ground where he might attack again with the hope of coping equally with her.

Earle thanked her with his eyes under cover of Sir Falcon's courteous praises. But Thornton did not even acknowledge the favor, merely presenting his arm to lead her from the piano.

After this, Thornton might excuse himself, and he did it rather hastily, leaving Sir Falcon and his cousins engaged in conversation.

Some time passed, and Earle's thoughtfulness relieved Elgarde from her wearisome duty.

"After a long journey, such as she has made to-day, I am sure Cousin Elgarde must be very weary, and that you will excuse her if she retires early."

"Certainly," replied the old man, frigidly, and Earle's soft palm closed over the little fingers, drawing them through his arm. At the foot of the broad stairway, he bade her good-night with a gleam of the old wistfulness his friends were wont to see upon his face in his daily life. She held his hand and looked at him.

"What is it, Earle?"

"I am lonely and unsatisfied," he answered, "or rather, I have been. But now I may trust the promise you gave me to-night through your eyes, and we two will find companionship in each other. Am I right?"

"Yes. Always." And again the flush, like sunbeams upon snow, rose to the brow and spread up to the waves of night-black hair. "Companionship together or apart, Earle. We partake of the same spirit, and they can no more part us than if we were one, or two imperfect souls perfected and encased in one form. Good-night."

From the lowest stair, she half sprang to his level, printed a swift kiss upon his mouth, and fled away to her own chamber. He stood and watched her till the flutter of her dress was hidden by winding stairs, and then returning merely to excuse himself to Sir Falcon, strolled out upon the lawn, where he threw himself upon the grass, and with eyes lifted to the stars, listened to the heavy surge and thundering of the incoming tide upon the beach.

The day that followed, for Elgarde, was a happy one—perhaps the happiest she had ever known in the short span of her unsatisfied life. Her first sensation upon waking from a profound slumber, was of discontent, chilliness and heart-sickness, because her first thought was of her new home, her uncle and Thornton Meade. But like a still, sweet sunbeam dawned that other blissful remembrance, that woke all the hope and joy of her pure nature, and she sprang lightly from her couch, hurrying the maid briefly through the duties of the toilette.

Still it was late when she made her appearance below, and was received by Earle alone at the door of the breakfast room.

"Fresh and sweet as a fairy," was his salutation, standing before her with a face beaming, both hands prisoned within his own. "Yet you are less like an elf than last night, Garde, despite this floating white robe and scarlet ribbons. I went out to consult the stars after you retired, and they told me if I did not watch you, wings would suddenly unfurl on those little shoulders, and you would waft yourself away on a strain of heavenborn music. I grew uneasy, therefore, when you tarried so late, and was on the point of sending for your maid to ascertain the truth. I am glad to find you at last, and really like flesh and blood too, with this ebbing tide of crimson in the statuesque cheek of yester-eve."

The long lashes drooped over the glowing eyes, while the color deepened; but she recovered herself quickly.

"Where are Uncle Falcon and Thornton?"

"Gone an hour ago, to be absent all day on business. This blessed time is all our own. Come, we will first breakfast."

He led her to the table where plates had been laid for two, and she made his coffee with a sense of delight and importance that brightened the demure little face to the most bewitching beauty. He watched every fleet and graceful movement with unconcealed admiration, while she revelled in the exquisite consciousness of his sympathetic nature, which forced every heart pulse to throb in unison with her own.

"Tell me about yourself," she said, as they lingered over the delicious meal, reluctant to leave it, with the bright and familiar home glow it imparted.

"What would you know of me?"

"Everything."

"Ah, no! That is too much. If I tell you everything, I may lose you, for you would then know me for a very faulty fellow."

"I don't believe it. I know that none of mortal mould are perfect, and that some evil is necessary to stimulate the good to better by the laws of opposition. But that I should like you less for the faults you may have, is not true. I feel that nothing can change me now. We are friends."

His glance answered hers with a tenderness deep and earnest, and his lips trembled in thanking her.

"I have not much to tell you. That I am an orphan, like yourself, you know. That neither Sir Falcon or Thornton like me, you can see. My childhood has been passed in loneliness and unspoken longings. Pride sealed my lips upon complaint. I have grown up in this magnificence and chilliness, crushing all the warm tide of life and love back within myself until it has nearly dwarfed me. On my cheek you will see the pallor that rises only from the starvation of those wants that form, when fed, the true life of man. I am not old, yet my form is too slender and frail for the years I bear. For a long time I have felt my powers to struggle with my fate giving way. Had you not come to save me, I should have fallen at last helplessly, hopelessly. You are my good angel. I already feel myself upborn upon your fairy wing. Soar ever heavenward, Elgarde. I would be borne to the very foot of the great White Throne, that I may thank Him who sent you."

His tones, tender, rapt, and solemn, filled her with awe. Her own nature partook too much of the ideal to render his fanciful strain anything than impressive. Catching his manner by natural impulse, she answered—

"If I had not found you here, I should have died. In a month I should have been frozen to

death; but now I shall turn from the icebergs to your sunny presence, and it will keep me thawed down to humanity—warm with human feeling. I have no fancy to go through a crystalizing process to make ready for the kiss of the Ice King before entering the "vale of shadows,'" she ended with a sudden flash of feeling that was like the light of the little silver-backed fly, sporting upon quiet and deep hushed waters.

They left the breakfast saloon to stroll on the vine draped terrace, inhaling the sweet odor of summer flowers and the fresh breezes that came up from the sea. After that, the library gave them a cozy retreat, where they discussed and looked over their favorite books, marking out a course of reading to be pursued together in the future. This occupied them until lunch hour. The afternoon was spent in practice.

Earle's voice was a rich, full alto, while Elgarde's was a soprano, clear and sweet as the chime of a silver bell. They drew forth song after song, and sang together until the upcreeping shadows over the bay window warned them that the sun was setting and their blissful day was almost spent.

Elgarde flew away to dress for dinner, but soon came back and assumed a seat near him, watching the deepening gloom gather over land and sea. Their joy had made them quiet and thoughtful now. Each was loth to dispel the sweetness of the hour by talking. But at length, chary of the fleeting time, Elgarde asked abruptly,

"Why do Thornton Meade and Sir Falcon not like you, Earle? I cannot understand it. How can they help it?"

"Shall I tell you, little one? Well, I will, you and I will have no secrets hidden from each other. Besides, for Uncle Falcon's sake, it is best that you should know, that you may be charitable. Your father, mine, and Sir Falcon were brothers. There was but one sister, Thornton's mother, and she married early. He is her only child, as you and I are the only children of our parents. A singular fatality has followed us as a family. Out of the three brothers and one sister, only one is left, and he is childless. I have been told that while you were yet an infant, your father and mother were stricken down with a plague and were buried in the same grave. Thornton's were suffocated in a burning house, and mine were lost at sea. The strangeness of it is that neither were separated in death. Husband and wife went together in all instances, and our uncle, the eldest of all, only is left. He has no sons, and I am heir, at his death, to title and estates, at least a large share of them. It is in his power to endow Thornton richly from his own dower, which was from his mother, independent of the family heritage, while the real value of the estates falls below it when combined with Thornton's own fortune. Were I to die, he would succeed to both title and heritage, and I think it is because I do not die that he dislikes me."

Elgarde laughed.

"You are right, Earle. Don't die at all, but live and defy him. I could never bear to see him clothed in the mantle of nobility. 'Sir Thornton'—bah! 'Sir Earle' sounds much better—'Sir Earle Broadbent.' But, Uncle Falcon—what are his reasons?"

Earle's face fell into deep sadness.

"When my mother was yet a maiden under the blue skies of her own native Italy, two brothers met and loved her. The younger was successful in his wooing, and they were wedded, while the elder turned back to England, bitterness and desolation in his heart and life."

"I remember my mother—beautiful, beyond the dreams we have of immortal beauty, I sometimes think. For lovingness and goodness, she was an angel embodied. When I was ten years old, we started on a long voyage, and a storm came which swallowed them up. Through the blinding mists, with the lurid glare of lightning over my head, and the thunder of the waves in my ears, I saw them go down under the waters, clasped in each other's arms, and then I knew no more till they woke me on a strange vessel, under whose white sails I had been borne back to England, and was to be received by my uncle, to whose guardianship I fell, bereft of all other. I cannot dwell upon the past without the haunting memory of that scene, in which I lost all dear to me. And I believe no throb of joy has ever awakened in my heart an impulse since that time till now. You are like my mother in your sparkling beauty and divine inspirations. When you look at me, your eyes kindle my whole being into flame, as hers did once, and I yield myself to your will gladly. I am your slave. Be merciful to me, Garde, even as she was ever merciful and kind, leading me onward and upward, drawn by the sweet breath of her holy love."

Elgarde sat hushed and still. He had endowed her with sacred attributes, and she had no words to answer him. But in her heart noble and pure aspirations formed themselves into purposes which she meant to carry out for his sake, that he might be happy forever, mortally and immortally.

While they sat silently, the roll of wheels upon the drive warned them of the gentlemen's return, and she went to meet Sir Falcon at the door with a tender pity at heart for the blight on his life she had not thought it possible to feel till Earle's sad voice woke sympathy for him within her. Unawed by his frigid manner, she would not be driven away, but followed him to a chair, wheeling it to a more comfortable position, and with her fair little hand putting back the blown threads of silvery hair from his withered face as she stood beside him.

"You look weary. What can I do for you?" she asked sweetly.

"Nothing, my child." And she fancied there was a shade less of coldness, a slight tremor in his voice, even when he added ungraciously: "If I wish anything, I will ring for a servant to fetch it me."

"Hired servants will obey you because they must, but loving hands serve better, Uncle Falcon. You give me the shelter of your home and protection, and I want to show you my appreciation in my love—at least if it can make your life any sweeter. Without affection the world would seem very cold to me, and I cannot understand how it can be despised by the proudest and the highest. Let me be of some use to you."

Even Earle looked surprised, while Thornton's eyes opened wide with astonishment. Elgarde heeded neither, but, earnest in her purpose, stood at her uncle's side until, in response, he raised his thin hand and imprisoned hers, drawing her to him to leave a kiss on her cheek, the first ever given to woman, warm with tender feeling.

"I am not a lovable old man, Elgarde, but if, in your youthful purity and charity, you can love me, you may."

Tears leaped like dewdrops to the girl's eyes, and, with a movement quick as light, her arms were round his neck.

"I can, and will always, Uncle Falcon."

Dinner was announced before she had lifted herself from his bosom, and she walked at his side with a show of confidingness so at variance with the haughty, royal step of last night. Thornton Meade smiled involuntarily, while Earle's eyes shielded themselves, dim and suffused, beneath their brown lashes. He had thought that the old man could not resist her, but not that she would conquer him so soon. None but himself knew how the little elfin face and luminous eyes, rapt with the sweetness of divine harmonies, wakened by her own touch, had haunted Sir Falcon until he was softened and subdued, as by a spell, from which he could not free himself.

When the small, night-black head was laid that night upon its pillow, it was with a sweet sense of rest and peace akin to perfect happiness. A thousand beautiful fancies flitted through the maiden's brain, into which Earle's slight, youthful form was always woven, as well as the one with pale, stern brow and flowing hair, drooping with the weight of burthensome years. If a thought of Thornton forced itself into her dreams, it was dismissed with a grimace or a contraction of the two jetty little brows over the deep eyes, which, to any beholder, would have attested to anything but a pleasing subject. Toward him her dislike grew stronger, to positive antipathy, and she resolved to shun him as she shunned all things instinctively, which partook of evil more than good. His delight lay in his power to torture and wrong every opposing thing to his will, seeing which, she felt herself stung to resentment. Yet, rather than contend day by day for the mastery, as she would be forced to do, reason taught her that it would be better to avoid him, thus escaping either contention or forbearance. The latter she could not reconcile to her ideas of what was true and just in a noble nature. To come in contact with evil without trying to rebuke or crush it, she felt was an impossibility, and too utterly foreign to her nature, to admit of a hope for success in possessing herself with patience in his presence. She must keep out of his sight, and, as far as it was possible, while living under the same roof, forget his existence.

So thinking, sleep weighed down the dark, fringed lids over the beautiful eyes, and the pure mind was soon wrapped in blissful rest.

Waking with the dawn, she lay and listened to the surge of the sea, breaking upon the beach with a sweet, monotonous sound, ever dear to her, especially at night and early morning, when no rude noises broke the moaning of their eternal tones, which seemed to sweep out from the infinite world to tell of mighty powers and strange mysteries in the great Beyond. The delicious breeze, laden with those same spicy odors peculiar to Broadbent Park, played lightly over from the open window, bearing to her ears, as she lay, the sound of a light footfall upon the terrace below. Instinct told her that it was Earle, and with the swiftness of an anticipated delight, keen as new, she dressed herself, stole down the stairs, and passing through the conservatories, joined him in his walk.

"Elfin, is it you?" he cried, starting with surprise. "I was just thinking about you, and how like a witching sprite you are, when, as if to prove yourself the legitimate possessor of the title, you suddenly appear at my side, and when I stare, laugh up into my face with an expression that proves you unearthly. Come, tell me if you are of the sea or air. I want to know all about you, your native element, and how you came here so suddenly this minute, without a sign of warning."

"Of the sea," she answered in the same playful strain, "and I pine for it now. Come down to the beach for a stroll. The murmur of the waves has entranced me, and I long for a closer communion with them."

"I dare not."

"Why?"

"Because if I do, I shall certainly lose you. Like Undine, you will sink into the deep depths to your coral caverns, and I shall see you no more."

Like the gurgle of silvery waters, her light, sweet laugh floated upon the morning air.

"I am not yet ready for that. If I were, you must remember that she went not down of her own free will, but was sent by him in his anxiety to get rid of her. If you lose me, the fault will be your own. Come."

"The dews are heavy, and you will get your feet wet."

She put out a tiny foot encased in a thick boot, fitting nicely to the arched member.

"I defy the dews with these, Earle. I put them on for a beachen ramble."

"Then come, and we will have a race. Can you run?"

For reply, she sped away like the wind, her light hat held by the ribbons, her black hair floating on the wind as she skimmed over the lawn and through trees to the beach, where both sank down panting with laughter and the swift run, eyes alight with joy and cheeks ablaze with the quickened pulsation of warm, young blood.

"Beaten," laughed Elgarde, as soon as she could get her breath fairly. "I got here first by three seconds."

"I expected to be beaten. Why not, in a race with an elf? Mortals may not hope to cope with such successfully."

"How silly people are to lie in bed so late, and miss such mornings as this," she said, after a minute, during which she sat gazing out upon the restless waters, warming under the rosy, deepening light of the morning. Catching his glance, the twinkle of his eye colored her cheek with his passing thought.

"Never mind yesterday, Sir Earle! You must remember the long journey of the day before, and give me the benefit of a day's grace," she continued, as if he had spoken. "I have always risen early at the convent, and the sun seldom rises without my seeing the first threads of ruddy gold as they tip the landscape with their divine beauty. To see it rise and light up the waters, as it soon will now, is one of the passions of my life. I have sought in Nature what I failed to find in human beings, and she has given me all the joy I ever knew till now—a joy which has no mixture of pain; because she is ever true, by day warming you with the light of the glorious sun—with the moon and the pale, beautiful stars by night—or, if she veils them, shedding the gentle rains from the reeking clouds, that under the next flood of golden radiance, we may see the flowers unfold and the diamond drops rise up in fairy mists. Always true—always beautiful, oh, my mother, my mother! I love you!" And she swept sea, earth and sky with a glance that intensified the enthusiasm of her words.

A very child of Nature she seemed, with her wild, free ways. Earle watched her with wonder and delight as she tripped along the beach, culling green sea weeds and fair shells from the uprising waves, swift as a bird to flee as they advanced too closely upon her, and as gracefully in all her movements. When the sun rose at length, like a great golden ball from the midst of the waves, rippling in glory over them as they throbbed outward to the land, she came back and sat down on a stone beside him, singing a low, sweet melody that had in it the lightness of the sunshine, the depth and beauty of the waters. The true poet soul would not be still, but gave out its songs of praise and thanksgiving with a purity and fervor that bore him upward, even to the confines of that fair land through whose pearly gates we pass to Elysian delights. In that hour he felt the blessing of life as he had never felt it before, and he could have wept from the depths of his heart, for the sweetness of the sensation—the newness and richness of this joy in existence.

"Oh, Garde, Garde," he murmured, "one might willingly live a life of pain and unsatisfied aspirations for one hour like this. Were it not for the hope of more as sweet, I could wish to die now, my soul drunk with beauty and gladness—your hand in mine—the far-reaching heavens above—the restless ocean beneath! From such a scene I could rise to the Throne adoringly, unsullied by the shadow of one unrepented sin."

A cold, keen, clear laugh answered the enthusiastic outburst, and brought both of them to their feet, trembling with the shock of an unwelcome presence. Thornton stood but a few steps distant, his rich hair tossing in the breeze, a cigar between his thumb and finger, while the derisive smile that lingered round his lips stirred the blood in Elgarde's veins to a passion of resentment.

"You seem to be enjoying the morning," he said, addressing her with a cool, exasperating tone, infinitely worse than his words.

"I—we *were* enjoying it, a moment since. I cannot say as much for the present time."

"Ah! then I am to understand that I am decidedly *de trop!* Very well. I can take a hint; but before leaving you, I shall be forced to fulfill an unpleasant duty, and say that Sir Falcon desires your immediate return to the house. He does not think it proper for young ladies to be out at such an early hour."

With this, he thrust his hands in his pockets, Yankee fashion, and with blue wreaths of smoke rising from his lips, sauntered slowly away. Earle was pale and disturbed, Elgarde openly and decidedly angry. A fierce, passionate light flashing over the lovely features where the rapture of inspiration so lately lingered. But without a word, she turned, clasped Earle's hand and walked toward the mansion, the sweetness of the bright morn hopelessly tainted by the weak ill-nature of one who could not bear to witness the innocent joy of others without the inclination and attempt to mar it.

Reaching the terrace, she suddenly drew the slender hand she held to her lips, flashed up into his face a look half pleading, half passionate, and sped away to her room to arrange her toilette for breakfast.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The following interesting correspondence is said to have actually taken place just prior to Lee's surrender:—

To Lieutenant-General Grant:—I think Lee will surrender if things are pressed.

Yours, PHIL. SHERIDAN.

To Major-General Sheridan:—Press things.

Yours, U. S. GRANT.

Phil. did, and Lee gave in.

☞ It will be remembered that the news of Lee's surrender and the necessity of his taking immediate flight was made known to Jeff. Davis in church. It is a remarkable coincidence that the congregation at the time were singing the hymn, "Oh, where shall rest be found?"

☞ A Wisconsin correspondent of the Country Gentleman complains that the *quince* roots of dwarf pear trees, bought of nursery-men's agents, send up vigorous apple sprouts!

☞ S. S. Olds writes to the Rural New Yorker that he carefully weighed equal quantities, about a gallon each, and found milk to weigh 7 lbs. 15 oz., water 7 lbs. 14 oz.; cream 7 lbs. 13 oz; and skimmed milk 8 lbs.

☞ The Richmond papers are stopped. The world's stock of impudence and insolence is reduced one-half.

☞ A NOVEL IMPLEMENT OF WAR.—In the siege of Mobile our forces used *wooden mortars*, made of the gum tree, and according to rebel statement they were very destructive. One hundred shells were fired from one of them, and one of these shells killed and wounded eleven Confederate soldiers. Two of these "new-fangled" guns are to be sent to the Chicago Sanitary Fair, to see how much they will bring in aid of the soldiers.

☞ Half a teaspoonful of sulphur to a quart of meal, fed three times a week, is regarded as a specific for gapes in fowls, by a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, who cultivates poultry in the classical town of Scipio.

☞ A young man while trout-fishing in Rochester, Mass., caugh his hook in a bone of a human arm. Search was immediately made and a skeleton found, which was identified by shreds of clothing and buttons to be that of Gilson Cushman, who left his home in a state of mental aberration February 13, 1863, and has never been heard of since.

☞ Mr. Lincoln's grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln, was murdered by an Indian in 1774, while at work on his farm, near the Kentucky river. He had three sons, the eldest of whom, Thomas, was the father of the President. Thomas married in 1806 Nancy Hanks, a native of Virginia, and settled in Harden Co., where the President was born February 12, 1809. In 1816 the family removed to Indiana. The great-grandfather of the President emigrated from Berks county, Pa., to Rockingham county, in the Shenandoah valley, Va., about 1750.

☞ The number of persons arrested on suspicion of being connected with the great assassination plot at the National Capital has become so large that it has been found necessary to fit up a separate building for their safe keeping, and in this they are all now confined.

☞ A lately received English journal contains an advertisement for a plain cook, in which it is stated that "one who can neither read or write will be preferred."

☞ Booth's diary mentions everything that occurred from the time that he fired the fatal shot until his capture. He gives the names of the parties who harbored him and of those who refused to do so, the latter of whom he had marked for his vengeance.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,00
Two copies,	"	4,00
Four copies,	"	8,00
Eight copies,	" and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty "	" and one to getter up of club,	36,00

One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, ... $5,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve* cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

FRANCE.

Our citizens generally have been under the impression that the people of France were more favorable to the Union cause than the higher classes in England were. In fact, so deeply rooted has been the idea of the good feeling of the French, that it is difficult to impress the real truth of the matter upon the popular mind of the Northern states. And yet we should think that, after the publication of the recent debate in the French "Corps Legislatif"—if that can be called a debate in which a small minority was violently clamored down—a correct appreciation of the true sentiments of the ruling party of France would be universal in the United States.

The following is a translation of the *Moniteur's* report of the debate in question. An amendment had been proposed to the Address in answer to the Emperor's speech—said amendment referring to America:

M. Eugene Pelletan—In the present stage of the debate I should be very cruel to the assembly, and still more cruel to myself, if I were to make a speech *in extremis* on the death bed (as I fear it will be) of our last amendment. [Laughter.] I had but a word to say to repair an omission. The speech from the throne passed over America in silence. Your draft address maintains the same reserve. The Yellow Book itself contains on this subject nothing but a pure white page. Now it seemed to us that the American question was one of sufficient importance to be treated of otherwise than by reticence. However, there is now no occasion for discussion, because, while I am speaking to you, the news arrives that the victorious swords of Grant and Sherman have settled the question. Richmond is taken. [Interruption.]

A Voice—So much the worse.

M. Pelletan—The pro-slavery rebellion is crushed, and the American republic is restored in all its majestic unity. [Further interruption.]

President Schneider—Gentlemen, by your interruption you only lengthen the speech.

M. Pelletan—Do not murmur so loud, I conjure you; they may hear you on the other side of the Atlantic. [Exclamations and noise.]

Several Voices—Make an end of it.

M. Pelletan—For the last four years North America has borne the burden of the most terrible civil war that ever ravaged a nation, and during the whole course of this cruel trial she has never for a single instant entertained the idea of suspending liberty. [Ah, ah!] She never dreamed of invoking the principle of public safety or opening that door through which all political crimes make their way. But more: it has renewed its executive power under, we may almost say, the very fire of the enemy, and that without violence and without disturbance. [Interruption.] And it has done this so orderly and calmly that this page of American history is the page of honor of the nineteenth century. [Confused and increasing noise.]

M. Pelletan—President Lincoln—[cries of "Divide, divide."]

Other Voices—Hear the speaker.

M. Pelletan—President Lincoln felt that he held the fate of the New World in his hands, and he lifted up his heart to the height of his destiny; he has abolished Slavery [redoubled cries of "Divide."] and he has restored the glorious American Republic. ["Divide, divide." Confused and tumultuous noise.]

A Member—Enforce silence, Mr. President.

President Schneider—Let the speaker try to get a hearing.

M. Garnier Pages—If people would only listen, the speech would have been done by this time.

Several Voices—Divide!

Mr. Schneider—I cannot deprive Mr. Pelletan of his right to go on. It is for the Chamber to listen [exclamations] but, at the same time, it is for him to speak in such a way as to induce his auditors to hear him.

M. Pelletan—The President asks a miracle of me, which I am not able to work. It did appear to me that wherever in the world anything great and noble was done, France was present and an approving party, and I would that my voice this day could be heard on the other side of the Atlantic with an address of congratulation to the President of the United States [tumultuous exclamations of dissent.] I cannot struggle against your determination not to hear me, and I shall sit down.

The amendment received only 24 votes, while 195 members voted in the negative. Further comment is almost unnecessary. France is no longer our friend. Nor the ruling classes in England. We regret that it should be so. But the fact is favorable to the moral and intellectual independence of this great Western Continent. Hereafter the opinion of Europe, upon any question, is nothing to us. We are henceforth of age to think, and determine, and act for ourselves, careless whether the old world approves or disapproves of our course. All we ask of Europe is to keep a civil tongue in her head, and mind her own wretchedly managed business.

JOHNSON'S NEW FAMILY ATLAS.—This new Atlas seems to us after a brief examination, an excellent one. It is an imperial quarto, and its maps are mostly given on double sheets, thus affording room for that complete detail which is so necessary to the perfection of a chart. The smallest towns, villages, railroad stations and streams seem to be depicted with accuracy. The maps of foreign countries are also given upon a large scale. Thus three maps are devoted to the German states; and three to England, Ireland and Scotland, giving them upon the same scale and with the same fullness as our own states.

It contains also ancient and classical maps for the biblical student and the student of ancient history, including maps of Palestine and the old Roman Empire, with the biblical and classical names, as well as statistical tables, an index, abstract of the last census, &c. The work is furnished exclusively by subscription. The general agent, Mr. F. G. Rowe, is now in this city and will give our citizens an opportunity to examine its merits. His direction is P. O. Box 2000, Philadelphia.

☞ President Lincoln, before leaving Washington on his last visit to the army, wrote a call for an extra session of Congress, which was signed by both himself and Secretary Seward, to be issued in case anything happened to him. The document is now on file at the State Department.

☞ "Love in a cottage" is all very well when you own the cottage, and have money at interest.

☞ Married in Sweden, Maine, March 24th, Rev. S. Sanderson, a lad of the same town, aged sixteen years, to a widow lady of Lovell, aged thirty-eight. She is the owner of a farm, and has "taken the boy home." The lady had previously lost husband and son, for which loss she deeply mourned. But has again both in the person of her boy-husband.

☞ The rector of Aghnamullen, county Monaghan, Ireland, while sitting on the glebe island in the lake of that parish, saw what he took to be a button on the leaf of a water plant, which had grown up from the bottom of the lake; this proved to be a silver half-groat of Edward III., raised to the surface by the growth of the plant!

☞ There is a peculiarly forcible kind of whiskey lately come in vogue in London, branded L. L., and when a cockney says, "come and 'ave a dram of double hell," he undoubtedly gives the right title to it.

☞ The "temse" is a sieve used over the barrel of flour, and one active fellow long ago set fire several times to the wood by violence of his friction; this led the millers to say to those who were dull, "you never can set the temse on fire," which grew to the proverb about the Thames with which the world is familiar.

☞ The manna which the children of Israel lived upon in the wilderness, is now said to be a species of lichen. It grows in a night, makes pretty good bread, and is remarkable for containing 65 per cent. of oxalate of lime.

☞ Tailor as he was, Andrew Johnson is no snob. Soon after he was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee, a high official of the state, who had been bred a blacksmith, presented him with a set of elegant fire irons, made with his own hands. "I will give him a return in kind," remarked the Governor. He bought some of the finest black broadcloth that Nashville could furnish, procured a set of tailor's implements, got the judge's measure from his tailor, and made a complete suit of clothes, setting every stitch himself, and presented them to his friend. The work, we are told, was all done in the Governor's room in the State House. The happy wearer of the garments pronounced them a perfect fit, and when last heard from he had them still.

☞ I am afraid American mothers will laugh when I say that the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are able to walk, to sit much on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are, therefore, taught with special pains to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all of which has a tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and a broad, full chest.

☞ The Secessionists at Windsor, C. W., on Saturday got out a cannon, hoisted flags, and were preparing for a grand jubilee over the murder of President Lincoln, when the Mayor of Windsor arrested the whole crowd.

THE MYSTERIES AND EXPERIENCES OF A LIFE-TIME.

How happy are the last hours of the good and truly great man, one who has spent his days of usefulness and manhood in the service of suffering humanity. The true philanthropists mourn the loss of such men, for they know their worth, and appreciate their examples. Our mission ends not when our lips have spoken the last word, when the pulse has throbbed for the last time. As our soul sare immortal, our mission is eternal—our examples may cast a light or shade for many years—the echo of our words may sound and sound, and be heard forever through the corridor of ages. As the circle made by the fall of a stone in the water widens and gives rise to another circle, thus circle follows and widens over circle, to an imperceptible distance, so each life affects some other life, and that another, and so on forever. How important does life seem when we remember that each step we take on its path leaves an indelible footprint, bright or black, which may prove a beacon light and a guide, or which may cause many to stumble and stray.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

We hereby notify the public that Professor R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., the most celebrated Liver, Lung, and Blood Physician of this or any age, has, after an experience and success unparalleled in the History of Medicine for over a quarter of a century, demonstrated the fact that the Liver is the main purifier or strainer through which the blood and fluids of the body are cleansed from all poisonous qualities; and that obstructions and derangements in the natural action of this vital organ is the first and primary cause of all abnormal conditions of the system of a general nature.

If you wish to know whether you have a deranged liver and digestive organs, see the following questions:

Have you a sallow or yellow skin?
Have you brown spots on your face, or any part of the body?
Have you a headache?
Are you dull, heavy or sleepy?
Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth?
Have you cold chills or hot flashes?
Have you irritation or dryness of the throat?
Have you palpitation of the heart?
Have you a dry, teasing cough?
Is your appetite unsteady?
Is your stomach sour?
Do you raise or spit up your food?
Have you any choking spells?
Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting?
Do you feel bloated about the stomach?
Have you pain or tenderness about the stomach?
Have you pain in the sides, back or shoulders?
Have you a tired or a sore feeling on rising in the morning?
Do you have colic pains?
Have you constipation of the bowels?
Have you attacks of diarrhœa?
Have you wind in the stomach and bowels?
Have you piles or fistula?
Do you have nervous and all-gone feelings?
Have you scanty or dark colored urine?
Have you cold feet and hands?
Have you a rush of blood to the head?
Have you numbness of the limbs?
Have you dizziness of the head?
Have you uneasiness in lying on the sides?
Have you fainting or epileptic fits?
Have you female weakness?
Have you monthly irregularities?
Have you great lowness of spirits?
Have you gloomy forebodings?
Are you peevish and easily irritated?
Do you feel unsociable at times?
Has your entire manner and character changed?

Dear reader, if you have any or all of the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. Hamilton has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic. There is no such word as fail in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, etc. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal disease. If nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws or deposits the greater portion of it upon the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with, eventually, all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. If the bowels receive most of the poisonous deposits, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Piles, Bilious Colic, etc., are the result. If the stomach receive it instead, Dyspepsia, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Heartburn, and other unpleasant symptoms. If the bilious matter is thrown to the skin, all kinds of eruptions and skin diseases are produced. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn-out and poisonous, irritating materials, by the process called secretion and excretion, as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this worn-out bilious matter taken up by the blood from the system is separated from it by the liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels, and passed off with the excretions. By this you see the moment the liver becomes affected from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood and fluids, to an extent proportionate to the topidity or disorder of the organ: consequently, nature seeks other outlets through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown to the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases; the same poison matter that is naturally, and should be, taken up by the liver, is left in the blood, and if the brain and nervous system is weakened by overaction, or any cause, they are thrown in a negative position, which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulations, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, neuralgia, and all grades of nervous affections supervene, from the most intense pain and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness is at night produced from the same; and nervous headache, drowsiness, heaviness, dizziness, roaring, buzzing, and singing in the ears and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal disarrangement, viz: waterbrash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back or breast, sick headache, palpitation of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth and throat, bad breath, thirst, cold chills alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and cholera morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, unsteady appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc. Every one of the above symptoms will often be found to increase where there appears to be a natural susceptibility to affections of this nature.

PART SECOND.

CONTINUATION OF PROF. HAMILTON'S THEORY.

Hoarseness, spitting blood, bronchitis, asthma, or phthisic, and consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the air passages: irritation, with cough; more or less severe soreness through the throat, breast, sides, back or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity, and unless something is done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhœa, sore mouth and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of nature to relieve the system of poisonous, bilious material, which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs in the human system—the lungs and air-passages.

In connection with the above cause, we have another which is not understood by physicians, and that is, a supersabundance of action of the lungs; or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That the machine may run well, all parts must be kept well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful machine, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause the machine to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and, no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the very seat of life—has become impaired, and instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors as well as their own proper functions.

The labor imposed upon the lungs is therefore greatly in excess of what should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration, and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all cases of lung diseases, throat affections and catarrh. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple safe and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast experience, learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform as much exertion as the lungs have been compelled to perform.

Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every State and Territory of the Union as the most skilful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and Diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical College; also, Physician to the New-York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, etc., has placed opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and have added largely to his skill and experience.

Remember, Prof. R. L. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung and Blood diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true theory of the origin and certain cure of such complaints. Prof. H. has now perfected a class of New Specific Remedies that does not fail to cure, speedily and permanently, where the system has not entirely broken down.

After having successfully treated over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF LIVER, LUNG AND BLOOD DISEASES throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting our skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. THE NAME AND FAME OF PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT, and the mere mention of his name is sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in its worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by PROFESSOR HAMILTON, all Chronic diseases are FULLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, with more speed and certainty than by any other known method. In a majority of cases CURES ARE MADE IN ONE-QUARTER THE TIME usually required by other systems, and also there is another advantage to be gained which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, and that is, we use NO MINERAL OR POISON REMEDIES. Consequently, patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of every-day life.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS FROM EDITORS IN FAVOR OF PROF. HAMILTON'S NEW TREATMENT.

[From the Boston Daily Traveller, Oct. 27, 1864.]

HIDDEN MYSTERIES.—It may not be generally known with the sudden and extreme changes which the atmosphere undergoes in this northern climate, at this season of the year, that the human system also experiences the most vital and important changes, and if the functions of the liver and the digestive organs are not in a healthy and active condition, the blood loses its vitality, and the system easily falls a prey to the ravages of consumption and decay. In this connection we ask our readers—as they value life and health—to be sure and read the valuable essay which we publish to-day from the pen of the highly celebrated and far-famed Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., of No. 546 Broadway, New York, who is now doing more business than any other physician in that city, having made this class of complaints a specialty for a quarter of a century; and also having been a medical Professor in one of our leading medical colleges for several years, places Prof. Hamilton in the front rank of his profession. One peculiarity of the Professor is his ability to tell at a glance the seat, nature and curability of all chronic diseases, in which fact, we think, consists his most remarkable success in making the wonderful cures he performs. Therefore, our advice to the afflicted is, one and all, call upon Prof. R. L. Hamilton or try him at once.

AN EDITOR AND POSTMASTER TESTIFIES.

Mr. Lewis Leslie, Postmaster at Oquaka, Henderson county, Illinois, and editor of the Oquaka Plaindealer, one of the most able and reliable journals in the Northwest, writes:

"I find your remedies all that could be desired. I never felt so well in my life as last summer, when using your medicines. I verily believe they have been the means of saving my life." I afterward advertised in his paper. In the issue of June 11, 1863, in the local column, the editor thus refers to the advertisement: "See the advertisement of Prof. R. L. Hamilton, in another column. Read it. Believe whatever he says, and if you are troubled with a derangement of the liver, send to him for medicine. We know what we are recommending. We are PERSONALLY known to the efficacious effects of the doctor's remedies. They are all that he claims for them. They are the best we ever knew, and his charges are moderate."

NEW AND WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON'S GREAT SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

William C. Down, Esq., of Delaware, Pike county, Pa., writes: "I have been through with a course of your treatment, and can affirm before God that your medicines will do all you claim for them. They are no humbug. Several persons in this vicinity have used them, and have derived entire satisfaction. Your theory of the cause and treatment of disease is simple and reasonable. Its correctness is fully vindicated by the success of your practice. I am daily recommending you, and you will soon have a more extended practice in this neighborhood. I shall be most glad to vouch for the authenticity of this. I am aware that people at a distance feel a degree of hesitancy at placing their health in the care of physicians whom they have never seen, or perhaps never heard of. To those that are inclined to be thus incredulous, I can say, that Dr. Hamilton undertakes nothing but what he thoroughly understands, and always gives careful attention to all who place themselves under his care."

North Truro, Barnstable County, (Mass.)
March 21st, 1865.

Prof. R. L. Hamilton: *Dear Sir*—Believing a statement of my sickness and wonderful cure would be a benefit to many similarly diseased, I send you this certificate. I cannot remember the time when I was really well. Ten years ago I was taken with a pain in my right side, which at times was very bad; but I was unwilling to give up and call myself sick, and the medicine I got from our family physician doing no good, I suffered in silence. In December, 1863, my side was so swollen and so painful that I could not wear my clothes. While in this condition Mrs. Emeline Stover, of Industry, Franklin county, Me., came here on a visit, and told me how your valuable medicine had cured her of liver complaint, and she knew I had it; but I could not make up my mind to send to you then, and after a time forgot it. My side got no better, and on the 18th of May, last, in lifting beyond my strength, I broke the ligament in my back, and was obliged to give out entirely and go to bed. I could not turn myself in bed, and to lift me from one bed to the other, as they did once a week to make my bed, seemed as though it would take my life. I was obliged to lie on my back all the time, my head even with my body. I took my food in this position. What I suffered no one can ever know. My head ached all the time dreadfully, my side grew worse and was very painful, my back very bad; and to make matters worse, I had so much inflammation in stomach, side and bowels, that I could not take much that was strengthening. I cannot begin to tell one-half that I had to contend with, and if I could, I doubt if it would be believed. Shortly after I was taken sick I commenced to have sort of fits, and the weaker I got the oftener I had them, and these alone I knew would cause my death if not soon cured. The first symptom of them would be rapid beating of the heart; next it would seem as though my heart did not beat at all, and my pulse stops, and I struggle for breath. These spells would sometimes last an hour, and they have often thought I was dying. My feet and hands would be cold, and have every appearance of death. I had a very good physician, but he did me no good, and I gave myself up to die. One day some friends came to see me, and brought me some things. After they were gone, I took up the paper and noticed your advertisement—read it for want of something else to do—remembered what Mrs. Stover had told me, and resolved to send. You wrote back that you could cure me permanently if I commenced then; said my disease was of the liver and digestive organs. I had faith, and wanted your medicine. I had to talk a great deal to do away with the prejudices of many of my friends. I commenced taking your medicine on the 24th of November, and the result was glorious, far beyond my expectations. I began to gain immediately; my headache left me, I slept well, was cheerful and suffered but little. Still I had no use of my limbs, and no one thought I ever would have again. The second lot of medicine I had, you said, "I will have you on your feet in a month, or two at the most." I really laughed at the idea, for I then could not turn myself, move my feet, or hold my head up; but, strange as it may seem, in five weeks from that date I was so much better that very soon I was on my feet, and for the second time LEARNED TO WALK. I have gained fair ever since. I sit up all day, walk out and am about all day. My recovery is looked upon as little short of a miracle by hundreds who know the circumstances, and I often hear the remark, "he must be more than a MAN who has done this." I have had many to see me in regard to my sad condition. I thank you many times for what you have done for me, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the man who, under God, has cured me of one of the most distressing diseases, the liver complaint.

Respectfully, your friend ever,
JOSEPHINE S. HOLDEN.

Prof. Hamilton—I now improve the present opportunity to inform you of the result of your medicine. It has effected a permanent cure, as the agonizing pain in my right side, which had troubled me for three years, has entirely subsided. My appetite is decidedly better, and the various symptoms which I had at the time of applying to you, have all disappeared. My health never was better than at the present time, and I attribute all to the use of your valuable medicine; for which I shall always feel very grateful, and will do all I can to induce my diseased friends and acquaintances to apply to you, for I believe your remedies to be all and everything you claim for them. If I ever need any more medicine, or any of my family, I shall apply to you at once, as I believe it to be the surest, safest, and best to be had.

I remain, yours as ever,
Mrs. J. W. SMITH,
Auburn Four Corners, Susquehanna County, Pa.

Roseville, Park County, Indiana,
February 9, 1865.

Prof. Hamilton: *Dear Doctor*—Your medicine which I have been taking has had the desired effect in every particular. All diseases for which you have prescribed have been wholly eradicated, in such a measure that I suffer no inconvenience from them. I am ready, Doctor, to hail you as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. May heaven's kindest blessings follow you through life.

Yours, with respect,
CYNTHIA JESSUP.

Vernon, Sussex County, N. J.

R. L. Hamilton, M. D.—*Dear Sir*: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, I could scarcely walk from the cars before your door into the office without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, and during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhœa and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used everything I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do more than others? But, Sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say, that after the use of your medicines for a few months, the result was a complete cure. I ceased the use of your medicine about the first of September, and had no return of diarrhœa until the 20th of January, 1864, and that attack I could trace to its cause. Indeed, Sir, I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world. I would direct them to you, Sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow of exorbitant charges.

Yours, truly, Rev. GEO. H. JONES,
Of the Newark Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GRAVEL CURED.

Mr. George W. Vaughan, of Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wis., writes: "In the Fall of 1862 I was taken with a severe affection of the kidney and bladder. My strength rapidly gave way to the ravages of my disease, until I was literally nothing but a walking shadow. For the first five years of my disease, my water was of a cherry red color. At times substances the size of a bean, resembling clotted blood, would pass off, and at others, something resembling coarse sand. My sufferings were well nigh intolerable. I had taken your medicine only two weeks when I felt a decided change for the better. In four weeks I had so far regained my strength that I was able to engage in light work; and now, (only two months since I commenced the use of your wonderful remedies) I consider myself a well man. It seems incredible, after suffering so long and doctoring with so many physicians, and paying so much money, that I should be entirely cured in so short a time and at such a trifling expense; yet such is the case, as all my friends and neighbors can testify. Your practice in this vicinity will be unlimited. Many are astonished at such a wonderful cure and are daily applying to you for relief. Long may you live to bless your race."

The above is a correct copy of the statement transmitted to us. It can be seen by calling at our office. Mr. Vaughan will be most happy to recommend us to any that doubt our ability to cure gravel and affections arising from diseases of the kidney and bladder.

INCONTROVERTIBLE TESTIMONY—THE CASE OF MRS. PALMER—A COMPLETE AND PERFECT CURE.

Mrs. A. H. Palmer, of Bedford, Hillsboro County, N. H., in a series of letters under different dates, gives a history of her case, which, as she says, "was so remarkable that strangers went many miles to see her, the same as they would a great curiosity." "I seem (she writes) to have all the complaints a person can have and live. Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I have headache, sore throat, with a general disorganization of the system; am touched with a dry, tight cough, short breath, very costive; have night-sweats, and at times afflicted with the piles, which are intolerably painful. Now I suffer with the cold, and again feel burning with the heat. I have not had a menstrual discharge in fifteen months; have sharp running pains in my hips and kidneys, and my liver is apparently perfectly torpid and inactive." The medicines needed by Mrs. P. were at once forwarded, and the benefits derived from them is apparent from the following extract from one of her subsequent letters: "Although I had begun to be encouraged by the slight improvement, yet I felt that a crisis was coming—one which I dared not contemplate. You can imagine my agreeable surprise when I passed the critical period with less pain than I ever felt in my life. From that time I began to improve rapidly; nature seems to have been aroused under the magical influence of your remedies; my strength returned; my mind appeared to be relieved of all melancholy, and again the pathway of life opened brightly before me. * * * Only last week I returned to my native place, from whence I was taken years ago on my bed, hardly expected by my friends to reach my journey's end alive. When my old acquaintances saw me returning comparatively well, they could hardly believe that such a miracle could be wrought by medicine; they say it seems 'like one raised from the dead' to see me moving round again. As long as I live I shall be a walking advertisement of your truly wonderful healing powers. * * * Words cannot speak my gratitude. Once more I find happiness in living. If I ever succeed in accomplishing any good, I shall attribute it all to you."

TESTIMONY OF A PHYSICIAN—A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

A LADY HAS A SNAKE IN HER STOMACH, CAUSING FITS—SHE IS CURED, AND THE SNAKE REMOVED.

Dr. L. W. Feaner, Plainwell, Alleghany county, Michigan, writes:

Dear Doctor—I am happy to say that you were right in your conjecture that the young lady's fits were caused by worms or some foreign substance in the stomach. It proved to be a small snake. After using your medicine, prepared for its removal, for a few days, the snake was expelled without any serious results or any unnatural effects. Since that time she has not had a fit or any symptoms. She has improved in strength and flesh rapidly, and is now seemingly well. She desires me to make known her grateful feelings for relieving her of this horrible disease, produced, as it was, by an unnatural cause. I consider it one of the most remarkable cases on record. I will be greatly obliged if you will reply at length to this letter and state to me what there was in the symptoms I gave you that led you to suppose the true cause—that there were worms, or something of the kind, that caused the fits. I am using several of your different specifics in my practice, and the result of their use has, in all cases thus far treated, been entirely satisfactory. I think your Blood and Liver Pills the best in use. If you will give me a recipe for preparing them, I will endeavor to benefit you as much in some other way. Very truly yours,

L. W. FEUNER, M. D.

EMPHATIC TESTIMONY.

J. B. Watson, of Denmark, Me., writes: "The medicine for my sister came to hand in due time, for which you have my thousand thanks. My sister took the remedies as directed and got well, for which she feels most grateful. I have so much faith in you that I believe your medicines will cure almost any disease. * * * Many of my friends and acquaintances have been cured by your medicines. That's so."

A WONDERFUL CURE.

Kinyser, Winnebago county, Ill.

Dr. Hamilton—My Dear Friend: Believing a statement of my case a benefit to the public, or more especially to those similarly diseased, I give you a full and complete history of my sufferings. I was taken sick at Camp Douglas, Chicago, having volunteered in the Sixty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry) with what the doctors called pneumonia or lung fever. I grew worse all the time until May, at which time I got a little better. On the 17th of the month I received a furlough of ninety days to go home, after which time I was taken down more than ever; so I called Dr. B., of Rockford, Ill., a practicing physician, who examined me, and said my case was incurable, as my right lung was all gone, and he could do me no good whatever. I coughed and raised a quart of pus and matter in twenty-four hours. I could not rest night or day, but coughed all the time, and sweat at nights, and in the morning would be dripping with perspiration, and was so weak I could not turn in the bed. I called some of the best physicians in our town and county, but they all said they could do me no good. I grew worse all the time, and suffered more than pen or tongue can express. I, too, thought I could not get well, and so did all my friends. I was under the treatment of Dr. S. C., of Rockford, for seven months. He had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way, the doctors declared they could do no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I read it, and I concluded to try your remedies. But all my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said: "What humbugs and impostors you were!" But against all their united influences I wrote to you in July, and you replied that my case indeed was very critical, but you thought you could (if it was the will of God to bless the means) cure me. You sent the medicine, and I quedid as directed. I raised more pus than ever, for a few days, after which time I was able to get out of bed and go out of doors. I was a complete skeleton. I got weighed the first chance I could—having re-united some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounds. I now weigh 155 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite as strong; yet I am going back to join my regiment and fight the rebels. Now, those doctors that gave me up to die thinks my lungs are good yet; and if any of them doubt it, and want to come to a foot race, I am ready, and I will bet $5 that I can outrun any of them 40 or 80 rods, or a mile if they say so. And it is to you, Dr. Hamilton, I owe my life, for I heartily believe, had I not begun your treatment, I would have been this day in my grave. I will ever remember you. May He, "who doeth all things well," watch over and prosper thy hands in every good work for the restoration of suffering humanity. I sincerely advise all the sick, no matter how apparently hopeless their case may be, to apply to you, for I do believe, if their case is curable, you will, by the blessings of God (in whom you put your trust) cure them. May God bless you, is my sincere prayer.

NEIL WATSON.

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE.

Denmark, Oxford county Me., Dec. 8.

My Dear Sir: Believing a statement of my case would be a benefit to the public, or more especially to a person similarly diseased, I send you this certificate. One year ago last June I was taken with a very severe pain in my right side; it continued to grow worse, until I was obliged to stop all kinds of business, and finally took to my bed most of the time. The pain was so bad I could get no rest night or day; I suffered beyond all description; I had the advice and counsel of the best physicians in the State, and they could do me no good; all they gave me was blue pill and morphine.

I continued growing worse until about the middle of August, when I had an abscess break on my liver; it discharged through the lungs, some pint and a half, or more, the first twenty-four hours, and then every twenty four hours until December following it discharged from half to one pint, and then commenced to fill up again, for two weeks, when it broke again, and continued to do so every two weeks, all winter, till the middle of February, when they would rise and break every few days. It seems to me I raised a barrel of thick matter or pus; it was about the color of blood perhaps not quite as red; it reduced me so that I was a complete skeleton; the doctors all told me I must die, and that soon; they gave me nothing but morphine to ease the pain; they said that I could not live more than two weeks at most; I couldn't sit up at all—not long enough to have my bed made; I coughed and raised more than a man in consumption; I tried all the patent medicines of the day, and everything that could be thought of, and grew worse all the time. My side was so sore (outside) I couldn't bear my clothes to touch it, and, to sum it all up, I was in a very bad fix, any way.

A friend of mine got one of your papers and brought it to me to look at; I read some of it, and thought I would try you—I could but die any way; I had but little hope, there was so much humbug in the world. I wrote you, I think, in March; your answer was you could cure me, and sent me some medicine. I commenced taking it the last of April; I commenced getting better from the first dose, and continued so until I was quite well. The sore never stopped discharging to fill up until after I commenced taking your medicine, and the discharge grew less every day until completely healed up, which was some time in August, since which time my health never was better. I can do as good a day's work as any other man, and stand it as well; and I do know it was your medicine that cured me, and I do sincerely and solemnly believe that any person that is sick (and their case is curable) that will get your medicine and follow your directions, they will surely get cured. My advice is, friends all, if your are sick, send to Prof. R. L. Hamilton, and he will cure you.

I remain yours forever.
God bless you,
J. H. WATSON.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

Mr. J. H. Jewell, of Troy, Bradford county, Penn., under date of Dec. 8th, writes:

"I am trying to have those that are diseased to send to you at once, and especially those that have the Liver Complaint, as I know that you are sure to cure that every time, as the person is to take your remedies. I know that, if it had not been for your remedies, I should have been in my grave long before now, for I was clear gone, as you know, and if my testimony is worth anything to you, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you may see fit, for I feel as if you had saved me from the grave.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

Mr. Sherman B. Allen, of Ossian, Ind., writes Prof. Hamilton, Dec. 1st:

"With gratitude I place before the public my testimony in favor of your new remedies, having been confined to the house and to my bed most of the time for eighteen months, and finding no relief until after taking two courses of your delightful 'Liver and Blood' remedies. I can now ride in my carriage, and walk half a mile at a time. I urge upon all who may be suffering from a deranged state of the liver and digestive organs to consult Prof. Hamilton without delay, or it may be too late."

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSUMPTION CURED.

Mr. S. S. Parker, of Alabama, Genesee county, N. Y., writes:

"My wife has wholly recovered since using your medicines. Previous to applying to you, she was unable to take the least food or drink, except corn starch and bread coffee. Her bowels would not move for eighteen days at a time, and then forced by the most unpleasant efforts. Since the third day after taking your medicines she has taken her ordinary meals of rational food, with very little inconvenience, and her bowels moves regular and easy. Her feet and limbs, which previously required a jug of hot water, day and night, for a long time, to keep them warm, are now warm enough of themselves. Her nervous debility, which was past endurance, is much better, and she once more enjoys her nights in sweet sleep. She sits up all day, whereas she was only moved from one bed to another, for making and change. May God bless and cause you live long, and bless with your remedies the thousands of poor invalids that are suffering for want of proper treatment."

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

Caleb B. Heath, a well-known citizen of Glen's Falls, N. Y., writes:

"I was afflicted with a very severe cough which was rapidly undermining my health and weakening my lungs, and was so failing that my friends began to think my recovery doubtful, having tried several kinds of remedies without relief. By the recommendation of a friend, I was induced to try your treatment. I did so, and with pleasure can inform you that one course completed the cure. I consider your remedies invaluable, and do not feel disposed to be without a supply on hand."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Jacob C. Mateer, of Shellsburgh, Benton County, Iowa, writes: This is to inform you that I am doing all I can for you in circulating the papers you sent me among the sick, and think it no hardship to spread your fame, and the wonderful cures you have performed throughout the land, for I was at your mercy and you saved my life; and, therefore, if there is anything I can do for you it will be done with the greatest pleasure. I want you to send me all the circulars and papers you can to distribute among the sick about here. May God give you a long life on earth.

STRONG TALK!—READ THIS AND BE CONVINCED.

Mrs. Eliza Milroy, of Cranberry, Venango, county, Penn., writes:

Dear Doctor: I have used your medicine as directed, and am astonished at the wonderful cure it has performed in my case. Language is inadequate to express my sufferings before I commenced taking your medicine, and, after suffering twenty-five years, I am now comparatively well. I attribute my very existence to your great professional skill—indeed, I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never pay. I am prepared to say to the sick and afflicted, apply to Dr. Hamilton, and he will give you comfort. In saying this, from experience, I know whereof I affirm. May heaven's best blessings ever be showered upon the greatest benefactor of his race—Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton.

ELIZA MILROY.

TAKE NOTICE.

All that wish for treatment or advice, please answer the following questions, by letter, and add any further information necessary to give me a full description of each case:

Questions.—Give your name, age, residence, occupation, married or single; have you headache or dizziness, cough, asthma, loss of voice or hoarseness, catarrh, expectorate much, raise blood, fever or night-sweats, sleepless or frightful dreams, chills; confined to bed or house; palpitation of heart, rheumatism, dropsy, nervous fits, palsy, dyspepsia, sickness, soreness, wind or distress of stomach, bilious, bowels regular, bloated or sore; costiveness, diarrhœa, appetite good, poor, or craving? are you thirsty? is the tongue coated? If so, what the color and appearance, or is it very dry and cracked? Have you piles, fistula, gravel, urine scanty or otherwise? have you scrofula, cancer, or any humor? if so, how does it affect you? Are you naturally strong or delicate, lean or fleshy, straight or stooping? What, if any, change in these respects? To what complaints are you most subject? If a lady, married or single; had any children, any female complaint, irregularities, pains and weakness in the back and limbs, had any bad fits of sickness, taken much medicine? &c.

ALL SICK PERSONS MUST REMEMBER THAT IF THEY WISH TO BE PUT UPON A COURSE OF TREATMENT WHICH WILL CURE THEM, THEY CAN WRITE AND ANSWER THE ABOVE QUESTIONS, I CAN, IN EVERY INSTANCE, PRESCRIBE FOR THEM JUST AS WELL AS THOUGH I SAW THEM; FOR I HAVE CONSTANTLY THOUSANDS UNDER MY TREATMENT IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD WHICH I NEVER SEE, ALL OF WHOM I CURE AS SPEEDILY AND SAFELY AS THOSE I SEE IN PERSON. IN FACT, SOME OF THE BEST CURES I EVER MADE I HAVE PERFECTED IN CASES I NEVER SAW.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

In conclusion, I will say to all who read this, and feel that they are in any way diseased, please be so kind as to write me a simple, full statement of your symptoms, and by return mail you will get a reply, with every information and advice necessary, free—only inclose stamps to pay postage. Do not delay. I beg of you, when a little delay may place you beyond all hope of a cure. I shall be plain and tell you the whole truth, and what you may depend upon, and whether you can or cannot be saved. Have no fear of revealing any secrets to me, for they are kept safe in my possession, free from the world.

I repeat, those who live at a distance and cannot see me in person, write me; I can prescribe and send remedies as by mail or express to any part of the world. No danger in sending letters, or money in letters, for they are sent in sealed letters, or money is sent directly to me. Please hand always come safely and speedily to me. Please hand this to your friends and acquaintances who may be sick; thereby you may do much good and save valuable lives. Prevail on them to come and see me, or write to me at once.

Further, I wish in this place to inform those who may be inclined to doubt the truth and authenticity of any of the above testimonials, that I will give $1000 to any person that can prove any of them false, having the original letters in my office, where any one can see them. I have also over twenty thousand others, just as good, which ought to satisfy the most skeptical that my assertions are based upon facts.

Office and Consulting Rooms No. 546 Broadway, New York,

where I may be seen on the following days, viz: Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

All letters must be addressed to Prof. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., No. 546 BROADWAY, New York, care of Postoffice, Box No. 4952.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Meade has returned to Richmond from Danville. He has left the Sixth Corps to garrison Danville. Thirteen locomotives, 117 cars, iron work for over 10,000 muskets and 500 prisoners were captured at Danville. On May 2, the vanguard of Grant's army reached Richmond. It is now marching northward towards Washington. All the army, excepting the Sixth Corps and the Twenty-fourth and the Twenty-fifth Corps, which are left to garrison the various posts in the neighborhood of Richmond, is on its way to Washington. The Tenth and Twenty-third Corps, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, remain in North Carolina. Stoneman's cavalry has been ordered to East Tennessee, and Wilson to the Tennessee river, near Decatur.

On April 14, the greater part of the Union troops at Mobile left that city for an expedition up the Alabama river to Selma.

General Meredith, commanding in western Kentucky, has summoned all armed bands of rebels to surrender before the 20th, or be regarded as outlaws.

The Secretary of War has ordered that all prisoners of war, except officers above the rank of colonel, who, before the capture of Richmond, signified their desire to take the oath of allegiance, and their unwillingness to be exchanged, be forthwith released upon taking the oath.

Secretary Seward continues to improve rapidly. Mr. F. Seward's condition is very encouraging.

The steamer Hibernian, from Liverpool on the 27th ult., passed Port au Basque on Saturday. The news of the surrender of Lee's army had been received and was generally regarded as the close of the war. The most profound regret and indignation was expressed throughout Europe at the assassination of President Lincoln. The English Parliament and the Italian Chamber of Deputies took action upon the subject. Meetings of citizens to express condolence with the United States have been held in various parts of England and France.

☞ Government has on hand several thousand condemned cavalry horses, many of them fit for farm work, although unserviceable for military purposes. Sales are to be made at auction in Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Carlisle, and Pittsburg.

☞ On Wednesday week the remains of a man who had been buried on the grounds of the Ashbury Methodist Church, Twenty-third and Christian streets, in this city, were taken up for the purpose of removing them to the Mount Moriah Cemetery. They were found to be petrified, and, with the exception of the eyes, in a good state of preservation. Some excitement was created by the discovery, and a large number of persons visited the grounds for the purpose of seeing the body.

☞ The old saying of "there's a cat under the meal" has gone out of fashion; it now is "there is a rat under the hair."

☞ Mr. Thomas J. Crawford, of White Mountain fame, died at Lancaster, N. H., on the 22d ult., of dropsy.

☞ The man who has not slept for fourteen years finds a rival in Daniel McKee, of Clayville, Mo., who sleeps six weeks at a time, and is wide awake the rest of the year.

☞ One day last week 300,000 pounds of sugar were removed from the Boston custom-house warehouses for the market, the holders being afraid of the falling prices.

☞ They are running a passenger car, entirely composed of iron, upon the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.

☞ There is a man out west whose memory is so short it only reaches to his knees, consequently he never pays for his boots.

☞ Pennsylvania would not allow the Government to defray the expenses incurred while transporting the President's remains through the state. Governor Curtin maintained that we could at least do so much to show our respect and love for our departed chief, and the whole expense was paid by the State Treasury.

☞ The latest novelty in Paris is a new style of dress which may be said to be a wardrobe in itself, the same garment being capable of presenting two, or even three, different aspects. The dress is readily transformed by folding lappets, buttoned or looped, according to the formation of the pattern.

☞ Senator Foster, of Connecticut, the new Vice President, a man of solid ability and integrity, is a direct descendant of Miles Standish.

☞ It is said that melted ice is as pure as distilled water. During congelation the salts are eliminated. Sea water, when frozen, furnishes pure spring water on being melted; and in the north of Europe salt is economically extracted from sea water by exposing the water to intense cold;

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing,
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing,
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us:
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning,
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home!

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love-song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a heart to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

A Visit to Robespierre.

M. Anatole Mesnard had reached his seventy-fifth year when people dated 1840. Old men with active minds, stuffed full of reminiscences, and who are colloquial and pleasant, are always welcome guests; but old Frenchmen are more especially interesting when they possess the above qualities. They retain such fresh, youthful spirits, and with their inborn liveliness describe their adventures so attractively and dramatically, that the hearer involuntarily feels himself moved back to the age which they are describing. Such an old Frenchman was M. Mesnard, and I had the good fortune to hear from his lips the strangest anecdotes about the past, especially of the days of the first French Revolution, of which the following story pleased me most of all, and I repeat it in the very words of the old gentleman:

Of all the memorable reminiscences (he began) which I have retained of the days of the mighty Revolution, the most important, in my mind, is a visit to the chief of the Terrorists, to the man who held the lives of thousands in his hand; who walked through blood and was choked in it; whose life, actions, and plans must to this day be called an unsolved enigma: my visit to Maximilien Robespierre. In itself a visit to Robespierre is not easily forgotten, much less when its object is an undertaking which may be ranked with the most dangerous adventures. I asked of Robespierre a human life, which was already surrendered to the guillotine.

Robespierre's family were no strangers to me, for I was born at Frevent, near Arras. I formed his acquaintance on his visits to Arras; he was nearly the same age as myself, only two years older. I was, however, much more intimate with his friend and fellow-scholar, Lebas, who, a native of Frevent, was one of my playmates. At a later date we were separated: Lebas selected the legal profession, while I went into business.

Events soon forced Maximilien Robespierre to the surface of the stormy sea of the Revolution, and his friend Lebas, whom I met several times, became inseparable from him. Lebas possessed a thoroughly honorable and amiable, extremely poetical nature, and we could not comprehend how so dear a man as Lebas was could exist in the vicinity of the fearful man. At last we learned that Lebas had married the youngest daughter of carpenter Duplay, in whose house Robespierre lived. You will soon see of what importance Lebas became to me.

On April 6, 1794, the criers, posters, and newspapers of Arras, announced that on the preceding day Danton, Herault de l'Echelles, Hebert, and Camille Desmoulins, had laid their heads on the plank of the guillotine. Danton's popularity had been very great, and hence the general alarm can be conceived: still, no one dared to make a stand against the system of terror. We were sitting in a very uncomfortable state of mind at supper, when our old man-servant came in pale and trembling to announce Madame Lepelletier, who earnestly desired to speak with my father. The lady was a near relative of ours, and greatly respected. Her eldest son was serving with the army of the North, but Marion, his beautiful wife, a scion of the noble family of the De Bonnaires, lived in Paris, as did Madame Lepelletier's youngest son, Francois, who was attending the Louis le Grand College. The old lady came in, her knees tottered, and she could hardly reach a chair. At length, after looking around anxiously, to see whether any suspicious persons were present, she with difficulty stammered the words, "Marion and Francois are arrested! They have been thrown into the Luxembourg prison."

"What for? Pray speak," my father asked, in the greatest alarm.

"No reason is given. Persons arrested generally learn their crime when the hour of death arrives."

"Perhaps it is only a rumor," my mother said, soothingly; "for what crime can Francois have committed?"

"No, it is not a rumor. My lawyers wrote to me by the evening post from Paris. My agony is indescribable, M. Mesnard! You have often aided me: can you think of no help now? Can no one save my darling, handsome, innocent boy?"

Madame Lepelletier's agony grew into an hysterical attack. While the ladies assisted the poor lady, I walked up and down the room with my father. The fate of the poor people painfully touched our hearts. I must help them in their fearful position, of that I felt determined. The open danger connected with this; the thought of rendering such a chivalrous service to a pretty woman, like Madame Lepelletier of Paris; all this had a mighty charm for a young man as I then was. At the same time magnanimity pervaded the air at that day, and instances of grand self-sacrifice were witnessed daily.

"I will save the condemned!" I suddenly stopped and exclaimed.

"Anatole!" cried my father, "you are out of your senses."

"For Heaven's sake, dear son," my mother screamed, "do not think of it!"

Madame Lepelletier had been restored by my exalted exclamation. She ran towards me, seized my hand, and pressed it kindly.

"Oh, noble, brave young man!" she cried, poor woman, "you will attempt it? Yes, you are good, courageous, and clever. I am sure you will succeed."

"Anatole, you must reflect—" my father timorously intervened.

"You will venture your life," my mother moaned, as she threw herself on my neck.

I looked in my poor mother's terrified face, but I also thought of the terror of the prisoners, and to this was added a feeling of honor. "No," I exclaimed, "no persuasion—away with fear! I shall start for Paris the first thing to-morrow: I shall speak to Robespierre, but first hasten to friend Lebas. Cannot he, Robespierre's Pylades, promote my plans? So have no fear, my dear ones."

The name of Lebas had at least convinced my father that I would not act thoughtlessly and without a regular plan. Hence, after a slight resistance, my worthy parents gave me their blessings, while Madame Lepelletier silently pressed my hand. As far as it went, I had formed a superficial survey of the state of affairs. It was most important for me to be able to speak with the prisoners, which was possible with the aid of the gaoler of the Luxembourg: of course with a large bribe. Madame Lepelletier informed me that the man's name was Lambert, and that I could boldly apply to him, if I conveyed a message from her and showed him her portrait. I also noted the dwelling of the lady's notary, as well as the street where Madame Marion Lepelletier had formerly lived, and then went to my bedroom.

Of course I could not sleep. When the silence of night surrounded me, my thoughts began to grow regular. I now represented to myself what a daring step I was about to undertake. Was it not dangerous enough merely to intercede for suspected persons? Any one who called himself their friend was an enemy of the nation; an entreaty for the imperilled entailed the highest danger. Then, I asked myself again, whether Lebas, who was a gentle and poetical man in ordinary life, would judge as mildly when political subjects were the question. It was well known that Robespierre was irreproachable in his mode of life, a lover of simple pleasures, a florist; that his highest enjoyment was a walk in a quiet, rural spot; that his eyes turned away in horror from a butcher's block. He was not able to kill the smallest worm which crept across the path before his feet, and yet he sent thousands of human beings to death. Such a man was assuredly the least likely to yield to an attempt at rescue. To this must be added, that I did not know exactly how deeply the persons arrested had compromised themselves, and that we, I and my family, had the reputation of not being very enthusiastic partisans of the Convention, although no enemies of liberty.

All this whirled about confusedly in my brain, and it was not till morning that I slumbered.

I will not detain you with a description of the parting, the lamentations, wishes, and apprehensions; enough that at five o'clock the diligence rattled through the gate of Arras, and rolled at seven in the evening over the paving-stones of Paris. I had not visited the capital for a year. Hence I gazed in amazement at the wondrous ornaments on the houses. Everywhere flags with the colors of the republic, trees of liberty, whose top bore the Phrygian cap, passages from Rousseau's works, and so on. The busy people hurried here and there; hawkers with the latest news from the seat of war, the decrees of the Convention, lists of the arrested, the condemnations, and the executions. At a corner stood a popular orator on a table, surrounded by a heaving mob; then a battalion of the National Guard, returning from exercise, marched over the square; then, again, a crowd of grotesquely-attired Jacobins forced their way through the throng. Paris was in a state of feverish excitement. On this 8th day of April numerous victims had passed under the guillotine; people were talking about conspiracies among the remaining members of the Gironde, at whose head Louvet was reported to stand.

I took up my quarters with a friend of our family, M. Brotteau, and on the same evening commenced my investigations. Everywhere I met groups of excited and noisy persons. The Ca ira and the Marseillaise were sung by men, women, and children. I noticed the red cap repeatedly, and a peculiar fashion among the ladies; they carried knitting-bags of an enormous size, on which the destroyed Bastile was represented. I went first to the house of Madame Marion Lepelletier, in the Rue Blanes Manteaux. Here I learnt, however, that, on the previous day, the landlord, a tailor, had been arrested because he had falsely passed himself off as a representative of the people. The portress, an old woman, was the only person living in the house.

The next morning I proceeded, in the first instance, to the Luxembourg prison, but I was unable to speak to Lambert the gaoler, for the simple reason that he had also been arrested. He was charged with favoring prisoners, and was guillotined on April 13.

Although these two first failures rendered me very despondng, I collected my thoughts and courage again. Paris seemed to me on this day to have regained its ordinary physiognomy, and had it not been for the popular red caps, the flags and inscriptions, no one could have fancied he was walking about in the mighty crater, from which the awful stream of lava poured over Europe. Only a few bill-stickers were surrounded by a gaping mob. The posters contained decrees of the Convention, appeals for voluntary contributions for the army of the North, threats against bad citizens. Then came the theatrical bills; and, lastly, sales of the furniture of expelled aristocrats. One of the posters ran as follows:

"In the quarter of the Sorbonne, on the evening before last, and at an assembly of the fifth section, manifestations took place in favor of the arrested aristocrat Courandin. The bad citizens who raised their voices had better be on their guard. Their heads sit no firmer than those of a plaster of Paris figure thrown out of the fourth floor on to the street pavement. Courandin was an adviser of the overthrown tyrant, Louis Capet. Were he not in other respects a criminal, that would suffice. But the intercessors for him are as guilty as he. Whoever is with the friends of the tyrant shall kiss the plank.

(Signed) THREE WATCHFUL PATRIOTS."

You can imagine what an impression this bill produced on me! But in the worst moments a man's courage grows the greatest and most evident. I saw that I must set to work at once and dare a visit to Robespierre. The lists of the tried and condemned did not yet contain the names of our friends, and, so long as they still lived, I would not give up all hope. Robespierre lived in the house of Carpenter Duplay, in the Rue St. Honore, in the house now numbered 396.

Exactly as the clock struck nine I turned into the Rue St. Honore. The nearer I drew to the house of the terrible man, the more rapidly I felt my heart beat. At length I was close to Duplay's house. I went on the other side of the street and gazed at the building. The house door was open, and in the passage I noticed a group of sans-culottes. They had placed a table in the centre of the passage, and were enjoying their breakfast; their pikes were leaning against the wall. All wore the red cap, and smoked short pipes; some were reading newspapers, others carrying on an animated conversation. It was the guard which the Convention posted daily in Robespierre's house. I saw most of the blinds down in the windows of the houses around; the inhabitants did not wish continually to enjoy the sight of the carts full of condemned people proceeding to the scaffold, which passed through the Rue St. Honore.

At the entrance of the formidable house, a tall fellow wearing a carmagnole, with his feet in wooden shoes, and a cavalry sabre at his side stalked up to me:

"Whom dost thou seek, my little citizen?" he asked, while blowing into the air a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"The citizen Lebas," I replied, in a slightly trembling voice.

The man looked at me with a frowning brow.

"Lebas? he is with Robespierre."

"For that very reason I wish to speak with him."

"Thou has a request?"

"Yes."

"Dost thou not know that petitions for an interview must always be sent in on the previous evening?"

"I did not know it; I am a stranger, and come direct from Arras."

"From Arras? From Robespierre's birthplace?"

This town appeared to be a recommendation for me. During the conversation the remaining members of the guard came up, and I found myself surrounded by a band of horrifying fellows. The uncleanliness which they all displayed gave them a disgusting appearance.

"A good citizen?" shouted one. "Not so. He is a Muscadin."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a third. "That he is! Bah! how he smells of cevet!"

I noticed, to my terror, that I really had this scent about me.

"Citizen, for a patriot this watch-chain is too long."

"This hat is fastened with a cord—a sign of the aristocrat."

"His neck is good for the lantern."

The company were ready to burst with laughter at this joke. I saw that I could only escape from this circle of fire and attain my object by the greatest resolution. I quickly felt in my pocket, and produced my card of safety, which Mr. Brotteau had obtained for me.

"I must seriously forbid these bad jokes," I exclaimed. "To be called an aristocrat even in joke is an insult. If thou, citizen, wilt examine my card, thou wilt see that I am unsuspected, and hence I ask thee, for the last time, where is citizen Lebas?"

The guard cast a glance at the card, the stamp of which was familiar to him, and went with it into the house. Fortunately he soon returned, and brought me the glad tidings: Lebas would speak with me directly. I received permission to go into the house. So there I was inside the walls from which so much misery, terror, and despair, burst forth over millions! I will not deny that I commended my soul to Heaven, and silently repented the resolution I had formed. I breathed more freely, however, when Lebas came down the passage to meet me. His noble face and his friendliness dispersed my apprehensions.

"Mesnard, then here—in our house! Ah, I am glad of it. In what way can I be of service? Dost thou desire a post in the commissariat, eh? Good. Thou shalt have it. Oh, thou art the son of honest citizens. We want such people, for embezzlement is a horror to patriots. Only the day before yesterday we sent two fraudulent officers to the guillotine. They must all die."

He offered me his hand, but I withdrew with a shudder. Ever blood—ever the knife! I was compelled to calm myself. I drew Lebas into a corner, and hurriedly imparted to him the object of my visit to Paris.

He raised his eyes—they looked earnest. Before he began to speak he looked sharply at me.

"Anatole," he said, in a low voice, "it is easy to see that thou hast not been long in Paris. Dost thou know what it means to withdraw two persons from under the knife of the guillotine? Thou dost not know their crimes against the nation.

"But, Lebas, a woman, an innocent scholar at the college, only sixteen years of age."

"Innocent? The republic is imperilled; any one who at this moment draws on himself even a shadow of guilt must be annihilated. I grant that many a man may die innocent, but that does not affect us. Better a thousand sacrificed, than millions hurled into misery."

Lebas's face underwent a strange alteration; his features assumed a savage aspect; his gesticulations grew violent and menacing.

"But supposing," I interposed, "that an innocent person can be saved? If it should be proved that a Frenchman, a citizen, has been only rendered suspect by accident? Is it not a duty to save a life, a duty to preserve a citizen to the state?' Lebas, remember thy wife, thy mother—remember the changes in life. Perhaps some day a compassionate man will have mercy on thy child, which is now sleeping on thy wife's bosom—perhaps in a few days thou wilt no longer be alive. Lebas, days fly past as rapidly as hours, the storm-winds of the Revolution drive them on, and Danton cried, 'My enemies will not long survive me!'"

Lebas bowed his head; he pressed my hand, and his mouth was contracted by a smile of pain.

"Let what will come, we are agreed," he said. "As regards thy protegee, I will make every effort; thou must speak with Robespierre. Saint Just is with him now; they have been working all night. Wait till Robespierre is dressed, down there in the court, till I summon thee. He is sitting up there in the gallery, and having his hair curled; when he has finished thou shalt have an audience. I will look through the lists first to find out the crime of the Lepelletiers, and then speak to Robespierre."

Lebas left me. I went, full of anxious expectation, into the court. In it boards, beams, and similar supplies, were piled up. A workman was sawing planks. In the corner of the court was a small fountain, vines crept along the walls, pigeons flew about; there was deep silence, only interrupted by the laughter of the watch and the grating of the saw. I leant against the wall, and kept my eyes fixed on the man whom Lebas had pointed out to me. It was Robespierre. A gallery ran round the house. Upon this opened the first-floor windows, as well as Robespierre's. Whenever the weather was favorable he would have his hair curled in the gallery, and such was the case to-day.

He was wrapped in a powdering-cloak, and by his side was a small stool, on which stood a plate of fruit, some slices of bread, and a small glass of wine. I could not notice his face, for he read papers while being curled. Not far from him reposed an enormously large dog; its name was Brouet, and it was Robespierre's favorite. The hairdresser wore a Jacobin cap, but in other respects was very clean. The door of Robespierre's room was open, and now and then the reader looked up, and seemed to be inhaling the spring air.

At length the hairdresser left, and almost at the same moment Lebas appeared on the gallery. My neck became elongated, my eyes were intently fixed on the couple, and my blood stood still. My affair was now being discussed. I could, however, only catch some unconnected words. I saw that Robespierre grew violent, that Lebas also gesticulated fiercely, and pointed to papers he held in his hand; then Robespierre turned his head towards the door of the room, and said something. It appeared to me as if a voice answered from the room. At length he got up, walked into the room, and banged the door after him. A few minutes after Lebas was by my side.

"Thy matter has gone well so far," he said, hastily; "but I do not believe thou can'st save both. The woman, hardly. She is seriously compromised. Her landlord, a tailor, ruined her, for he induced her to keep letters to the Coblenz emigres in her room; by giving himself out as a representative, he has led many citizens astray. The young man, Francois, carried letters of traitorous purport to a certain agent of the emigres; but his crime is less, as he acted without knowledge. Present thyself to Robespierre as if perfectly ignorant of this. Come."

We went up the stairs. I cannot tell you how I got into Roberpierre's room. Before I had collected my thoughts I was standing before the terrible man. There was nothing to produce an alarming effect on the senses. Plain white-washed walls, a walnut-wood bedstead, over it a white coverlet worked with pink flowers; a table covered with oilcloth, a few straw-bottomed chairs—such was the furniture of the little room. On the left of the entrance were some book-shelves, littered with papers, a few books, and pamphlets. On the window-sill stood pretty flowers in pots, round which butterflies were sporting. At the table a man was sitting, and reading. Robespierre was standing by the side of his bed, with his right hand on its backboard.

The passions and hatred which his arbitrary measures excited against him, have frequently attempted to make the man's appearance, his face, his voice, agree with the sanguinary orders he issued—that is to say, the formidable man must resemble a hyena or tiger, his voice sound like the croak of a carrion crow, and so on. All this is false. Robespierre's face, on the contrary, had a gentle expression; his forehead was high, and slightly wrinkled; his eyes, generally half closed, were fiery when he raised them; his shapely nose displayed large nostrils, which moved when he spoke; his face was thin, and of the color of ivory; when he spoke kindly, a winning friendliness played round the corners of his lips, but at other times they were firmly closed. He had remarkably fine teeth and hair; his figure was slim and well built, his chest broad, and his voice, not at all harsh, rang sharp in moments of excitement, but was generally soft, and almost halting. He gesticulated very little while speaking. His dress was excessively neat—a grey coat with polished buttons, a striped waistcoat, dark breeches, and half boots. A carefully plaited jabot formed his narrow snow-white neckcloth.

"Anatole Mesnard, I know thee again," such were Robespierre's first words to me.

"I am glad, citizen representative, that thou remembereest me."

"Thy family is well known to me. You are lukewarm, but not hostile. Self-sacrifice cannot be expected from everybody; hence I am the more surprised that thou hast formed the resolution to venture a prayer for suspects."

"Because I am capable of the self-sacrifice, citizen representative."

"What does that mean?" Robespierre asked, watchfully.

"I was conscious that I should risk my life if I ventured a word on behalf of my compromised friends. Dost thou not believe, citizen representative, that at the present day it requires as much courage to implore thy mercy for a condemned person as to storm a hostile battery, behind which the enemies of the nation are concealed?"

Robespierre's eyes flashed.

"That is true," he said, phlegmatically. "Life and death are in the hands of the Convention. Why do not the light-minded people think of that? The Convention is the voice of the nation; it cries loudly and powerfully. I cannot understand why so many persons will not hear it. Still more incomprehensible are beings like thy friends. What—do they not see our life? Look around thee, this modest room is my whole empire; my table is that of my landlord, an artisan. I possess no estates, no treasures; what thou see'st here is everything I call mine; there is no stain on my life or that of my friends—well, go and compare it with the orgies of the emigres at Coblentz! Listen with what contempt even the Prussian troops speak of those miserable Frenchmen, who are a curse to the country in which they have sought shelter—hear it, and then say to me, how is it possible that French citizens can condescend to support such people against the nation? Thy friends have been guilty of this villany."

He then explained to me, in fuller detail, what Lebas had but cursorily told me. His tone was shrill when he spoke; he kept his eyes fixed upon me, and I could not divert mine from his. I thought involuntarily of the fable of the serpent fascinating birds.

Lebas noticed that, as I followed the flood of Robespierre's eloquence, I continually grew more confused and anxious. He came to my aid.

"Maximilien," he said, gently touching the speaker's arm, "leave off exciting thyself. The people are not worth so many words."

"No, by the salvation of the nation, they are not," Robespierre shrieked; "and art thou worthy," he addressed me, "that I should waste so much time, throw away so many words? If thou hast not understood long ago that they are guilty, thou art a bad citizen—a suspect."

The affair was dangerous. Lebas parried the blow.

"Maximilien, do not go too far," he said. "I have already explained to thee why our friend Mesnard acted thus. Thou hast thyself allowed that it is more dangerous to risk a prayer for compromised persons, than to rush upon the foe—well, then, does not our friend's courage deserve a reward? We have no external symbols, so reward the republican devotion of Anatole, which did not shun death, with an order for the release of the prisoners. Anatole is returning to Arras—shall he daily pass the house of thy birth in grief and sorrow, because thou hast refused him the liberation of a woman and of a poor, misguided, blinded boy?—he who has staked his head? Francois Lepelletier and his sister-in-law are worthy of being commended to the mercy of the Convention; let them return to their, to thy, native town—let them enter as free citizens within those walls from which thou camest to save the nation."

Robespierre reflected for a moment; then he gave Lebas an earnest look and walked to the table.

"Thank fortune," he said to me, "that thou comest from Arras, and hast Lebas for a friend."

He seized a stamped paper and dipped the pen in the ink. I began to breathe more freely. Suddenly the man, who had hitherto been reading so busily, rose. It was St. Just. I never saw a more interesting masculine beauty. Few faces displayed so much gentleness, combined with such energy. St. Just was at that time six-and-twenty years of age. He looked like a martyr; the old painters impressed such earnestness, such beauty, on their heroes, when they represented them undergoing death in honor of their faith at the martyr's stake; and yet this handsome man was the most fearful of all, and my hair stood on end when he said, in a voice almost devoid of accent:

"Stay—nothing hurried. The boy—yes. I do not object to that. The woman—never.

Marion Lepelletier was lost.

"What! art thou of opinion, Antoine, that I ought not?" Robespierre asked.

"Thou darest not," St. Just said firmly. "Women are the worst. This one acted with perfect knowledge of the consequences. Shall it be said that the people of Arras form an exception in the eye of the law? Moreover, the woman is an aristocrat by birth, who could not live with her patriotic husband. And you would save such vermin? Lebas, wilt thou accept the responsibility?"

St. Just was fearful to look upon, his awful beauty had such an imposing effect, that any words of protest stuck in my throat. Lebas shrugged his shoulders and was silent. Robespierre wrote a few lines. While writing, he said:

"Enough talking—the woman dies."

St. Just was reading his newspaper again. Lebas nodded to me, and I locked up my sorrow in my breast. Robespierre gave the paper to Lebas.

"Send Simon with this to the Luxembourg. The young man will be set at liberty. I trust he will bear it in mind. People do not escape twice so easily when they have committed a crime against the nation."

I stammered my thanks. Robespierre offered me his hand.

"Remember me to friends in Arras, citizen Mesnard, and to thy parents. Do not be negligent in thy duties. Now, good morning; thou hast detained me long enough."

Lebas made me a sign. The door of Robespierre's room soon closed after us. The air appeared to be lighter and more balmy, the sky higher, the sun more beaming. At any rate, I had saved one life, and the lion's den—Robespierre's room—luckily lay behind me!

"Thank Heaven," said Lebas, that thou hast liberated one. The woman, I know from the first, was not to be saved."

On the same afternoon I quitted Paris with my protege. At six o'clock on the following morning he was clasped in his mother's arms. Her joy, and the delight of my parents, were indescribable; they were only painfully clouded by Marion's awful death. She died on the guillotine on April 18, as did her landlord. On the same day twenty-one other condemned persons died under the knife.

Three months later, Robespierre and St. Just had ceased to set the world in terror. The Revolution devoured even those darling children. My poor Lebas shot himself. His amiable wife, however, is still alive: she is supported by numerous friends, and I have repeatedly talked with her about those eventful hours of a terrible epoch.

THE BIRD.

See'st thou yon birdie bright,
Joyously singing;
Flies it now forth for aye,
Comes it back winging?

Birdie comes never back,
Birdie gay glancing,
Seeks its free forest joys
Where streams are dancing.

Not so the human heart,
Captured how gladly,
Bides in its lonely cage,
Pining how sadly!

Rending its hard chain not,
Fostering pain's token;
Ah! when the fetter breaks,
Heart too is broken!

☞ A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them. Probably they don't look well from behind.

☞ Credit—A wise provision by which constables and sheriffs get a living.

THE DEPARTED STATESMAN.

The following lines, so appropriate to our feeling of national bereavement that they might have been written for the occasion, are from Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington:—

"Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The Statesman * * moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence.
* * * * * * *
Rich in having common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
* * * * * * * *
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
* * * * * * *
"And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel, and pomp, and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.
* * * * * * *
"His voice is silent in your council hall
Forever; and whatever tempests lower,
Forever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe.
* * * * * * *
"The path of duty is the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done:
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the Statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.
* * * * * * *
"Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.
* * * * * * *
He is gone who seem'd so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

Scenes in India.

FROM MY INDIAN JOURNAL,

BY COLONEL WALTER CAMPBELL.

INDIAN ACROBATS.

A man with his legs firmly bound together, and a long straight Mahratta sword lashed to the back of his neck so as to stand upright, threw a summerset backwards and alighted on his feet without allowing the point to touch the ground. To do this on a sandy soil without any springboard required some muscle; he then, with a sword and shield in his hands, jumped head foremost through the loop of a rope not more than eighteen inches wide, which was held by two men in a square form as high as their heads, turned over in the air, and alighted on his feet, with the sword and shield still in his hands. A boy then climbed to the top of a pole about forty feet high supported by shrouds descending at an angle of 45 deg., and having doubled up an antelope's skin and fastened it between his legs to protect him from the friction of the rope, he got astride upon one of the shrouds, let go his hold, and slid down to the bottom with fearful rapidity, holding his arms aloft, and trusting entirely to his balance to keep him upright on his narrow seat; the grace and apparent ease with which he accomplished this difficult feat were truly wonderful. People were of course stationed with a blanket to receive him, and break his fall when he reached the bottom, otherwise the velocity with which he descended was so great that his legs must been fractured. On examining the antelope skin which served him for a saddle, I found that it was nearly cut through by the friction of the rope.

THE NAUTCH-GIRL.

In the evening a party of dancing-girls from the neighboring pagoda came to exhibit before us. They were pretty graceful creatures, with antelope eyes, and well-turned limbs, richly dressed in silken robes, with a profusion of silver bangles encircling their slender ankles, and wreaths of wild jessamine twined among their dark hair. Their dancing, too, or rather their motion—for the twining of their slender figures, and the waving of their arms, could hardly be called dancing—was rather graceful; and the exhibition would have been pleasing enough, were it not that they accompanied their movements with a song, the shrill discordant notes of which were perfectly distracting, and made us soon glad to dismiss them.

I have heard some shrill pipes enough among the lasses of my native land; but never have I heard a voice so shrill, so piercing, or so unmusical, as that of an Indian Nautch-girl. Yet the nobles of the east will sit for hours together, listening with delight to their discordant notes; and so depraved is their taste, that I never met with a single native who could appreciate European music. They acknowledge our superiority in most things, but declare that we are centuries behind them in the art of producing sweet sounds.

A GIPSY QUEEN.

The "Brinjaries" of India, like the gipsies of other countries, are a wandering race; they travel about the country, living in tents, and earn a livelihood by trading in grain, for the transport of which they keep large droves of remarkably fine bullocks. In time of war they are—in consideration of the useful nature of their traffic—looked upon as neutrals by all parties; and pass through the most disturbed districts without fear of molestation. I believe, indeed, that their persons are held sacred even by the bloodthirsty "Thugs."

Some of their women are strikingly handsome; and are said to be remarkable for chastity and fidelity to their husbands—rare virtues among Indian females. The women of this tribe wear a peculiar and very handsome dress, which adds greatly to their picturesque appearance. It is similar to what we see represented in ancient Egyptian paintings; and is probably the identical style of dress worn by Pharoah's daughter and Potiphar's wife.

There was one woman among the "Brinjaries" we met this morning with whose dress and appearance I was particularly struck. She was a tall, graceful creature, with the step and bearing of a queen; and her features, strikingly handsome, were stamped with an expression of native dignity that might well have become a Cleopatra. Her picturesque dress—the antique pattern of which carried the imagination back to the palmy days of ancient Egypt—was arranged with considerable care, so as to display her graceful figure to the best advantage. Her well-rounded arms, naked from the shoulder, were ornamented, both above and below the elbow, with armlets of a strange antique pattern, which, for all we know to the contrary, may have been coeval with the pyramids—heirlooms, perhaps, handed down from mother to daughter since the days of Cheops. Her glossy black hair, braided with classical taste, was also decked with a profusion of gold ornaments; and her flowing robe, of a rich brown color, was edged down the front and round the bottom with a broad crimson border covered with strange hieroglyphic figures, embroidered in black. A handsome girdle, also covered with hieroglyphics, encircled her waist, and her feet were shod with sandals, richly ornamented with silver studs. As she sailed past at the head of her tribe, and returned our salutations with a graceful inclination of the body, I thought I had never beheld a more noble-looking creature.

"It's Pharoah's daughter come to life again, and turned queen of the gipsies!" exclaimed the doctor, in a fit of enthusiasm, after gazing on her till a turn in the road concealed her from sight. And certainly a finer figure to represent the character could hardly have been selected.

A HOURI VILLAGE.

During the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Serode, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western parts of India, for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Conkany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priest belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers; and, like the Amazonian queen—who is said to have visited Alexander the Great, in hopes of thereby obtaining an heroic daughter—they are very particular in selecting fathers, likely from their appearance to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classical features for which they themselves are so justly celebrated. I was not able to ascertain how the male children are disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome—are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of this village of Houris. Their origin is shrouded in mystery; but tradition says they are sprung from an ancient sisterhood of Portuguese nuns. A strange origin enough, if the tale be true. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die.

On landing near the village we pitched our tent on the beach; and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we despatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who in the most graceful manner expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a "nautch;" and after throwing a garland of flowers round each of our necks, they returned to the village.

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep blue melting eyes, filled with long silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

The Asiatic eye,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it steals a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seems to melt in its own beam;
All love, half languor and half fire.

Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded, than those of Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembled the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. The hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor. For, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behavior.

In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron, and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes laden with perfume; a beautiful salt-water lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it; and in the background the deep blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world.

We were received with great ceremony by the matron, and all the beauties of the village, in a large open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water, and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room to witness the performance of some "nautch-girls" belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, bangles, &c., among the fairest of our entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Binca.

AN ANTELOPE HUNT BY WOLVES.

I was, as usual, scanning the horizon with my telescope at daybreak, to see if any game was in sight. I had discovered a small herd of antelope feeding on a field from whence the crop had been lately removed, and was about to take the glass from my eye for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground; when, in a remote corner of the field, concealed from the antelope by a few intervening bushes, I faintly discerned in the gray twilight a pack of six wolves, seated on their hind quarters like dogs, and apparently in deep consultation. It appeared evident that, like myself, they wanted venison, and had some design upon the antelope; and, being curious to witness the mode of proceeding adopted by these four-legged poachers, I determined to watch their motions. I accordingly dismounted, leaving my horse in charge of the sowar; and creeping as near the scene of action as I could without being discovered, concealed myself behind a bush. Having apparently decided on their plan of attack, the wolves separated; one remaining stationary, and the other five creeping cautiously round the edge of the field, like setters drawing on a shy covey of birds. In this manner they surrounded the unsuspecting herd, one wolf lying down at each corner of the field, and the fifth creeping silently towards the centre of it, where he concealed himself in a deep furrow. The sixth wolf, which had not yet moved, now started from his hiding place, and made a dash at the antelope. The graceful creatures, confident in matchless speed, tossed their heads, as if in disdain, and started off in a succession of flying bounds that soon left their pursuer far behind. But no sooner did they approach the edge of the field than one of the crouching wolves started up, turned them, and chased them in a contrary direction, while his panting accomplice lay down in his place to recover wind for a fresh burst. Again the bounding herd dashed across the plain, hoping to escape on the opposite side; but here they were once more headed by one of the crafty savages, who, in his turn, took up the chase, and coursed them till relieved by a fresh hand from an opposite quarter. In this manner the persecuted animals were driven from side to side, and from corner to corner, a fresh assailant heading them at every turn, till they appeared perfectly stupified with fear; and crowding together like frightened sheep, began to wheel round in diminishing circles. All this time the wolf which lay concealed in the furrow near the centre of the field had never moved, although the antelope had passed and repassed within a few feet of him, and had, perhaps, even jumped over him; his time for action had not yet arrived. It now became evident that the unfortunate antelope must soon be tired out; when it appeared probable that the surrounding wolves would have made a combined attack, and driven the terrified herd towards the centre of the field, where the wolf who had hitherto been lying in reserve would have sprung up in the midst of them, and secured at least one victim, I, however, did not allow matters to proceed so far. I was satisfied with what I had seen, and resolved to turn the tables on my friends the wolves, by making a slight change in the last act of the tragedy, which was now fast approaching. Accordingly, just as the antelope appeared to be driven to a stand-still, I put a stop to further proceedings on the part of their ravenous assailants by sending a rifle bullet through the body of the nearest skulker, who incontinently gave up the ghost; and his sagacious companions, seeing that their game was up—now that "the man with the gun" had taken a hand—made a precipitate retreat, leaving me undisputed master of the field. I might easily have brought down an antelope with my second barrel—for the poor things appeared stupified with fear—but after having so far espoused their cause, I felt it would be treachery on my part to avail myself of this advantage, and accordingly allowed them to depart in peace.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life. The quality variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable visions of romance; "but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!" Where the two faculties are daily blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

NO CHAMPAGNE.—Another economical fashion closely following on the heels of the "No card" mania has been invented. Thus, a gentleman wishing to invite a friend to dinner, sends a note written in this shape:—"Mr. Oilspod presents his compliments to Mr. Bushby, and begs the honor of his company at dinner on Thursday next, at five o'clock, P.M. *No champagne.*"

☞ Fashionable society generally has but two faults: first, in being hollow-headed; and secondly, hollow-hearted.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FRANK'S SENTIMENTS.

It was all over. The one who had fallen was buried, and his place in the ranks was filled up by an old brother officer, who had been expectant of this good thing for years, and could not, therefore, affect aught but the most superficial sorrow at the loss which was his gain. The new appointment was an amiable, kind-hearted man, but he had a large family, and some members of the same demanded that he forthwith make a tour of investigation over the suite of apartments that had fallen to his share, and report to them without delay how the furniture was to be apportioned.

Death is sad enough, heaven knows, at any time, and under any conditions; but it is saddest when it falls in the midst of a but recently attained sunny spot, and when its effects are upon the "living left" immediately. There would have been woe and tribulation throughout the Leigh household whenever and however this bolt had been let fly. But things had become so very bright to them just before it; and now, through it, things must of necessity be temporarily so very black.

It was in the order of things; nevertheless it was very annoying that the incomers should desire to have their carpets fitted to the rooms before the Leighs' carpets were removed from the floors. They (the Leighs) were only to sojourn in the place for six weeks after the date of the funeral. Truly there was no temptation to remain there longer; they had no desire to do so. Yet, for all this willingness to depart, the knowledge that they had to do it weighed heavily upon the mother and daughter. Their sorrow was so very young—so cruelly heavy a thing as yet. Time would lighten and render them less averse to the trouble of moving under it. But this was precisely what could not be granted them. Pity, friendly consideration, sympathy, assistance, if it were needful, in any small matter; but not time. Time was government property, and must not be wasted; moreover, the incomers were anxious to come in. Time, like a pitiless master, sped the six weeks away in most unseemly haste.

All Frank Burgoyne's best qualities came out and aired themselves at this period. He was considerate and most manfully tender to Theo, and Theo responded to him, as it was in her nature to respond to consideration and tenderness. She had entered into this compact at first out of a feverish desire to please her father, and make him feel that the world was not all barren and hard for her, that her plan of life was not upset through Harold Ffrench. Having done this for her father's sake, she was soon repaid by coming to like Frank for his own; and now, in these latter days, the liking merged into something warmer, and Theo grew to love her future husband well.

But though all Frank's best qualities came out, they did so, it must be acknowledged under circumstances so adverse to them that their flourishing at all was a marvel. Theo was much harassed and worried at this epoch about things that might not even be fully confided to Frank, and these things told upon her, and rendered her less pleasant to the eye than she had been formerly. Frank Burgoyne was not superhuman; he liked what was pleasant to the eye.

August, the month in which the marriage had been arranged to take place, had come and gone before those weary weeks of hopeless, helpless, waiting were half over. It was October when the last barren honor of a military funeral was offered to Mr. Leigh, and in the same month they left the place to which they had come scarcely more than a year before with high hopes of various kinds.

It was a pleasant time of year. Heaths and commons look well in the autumn; one is apt to fall into the error of imagining at this season that they look well all the year round. Mrs. Leigh and her daughter, with the natural aversion of country people for closeness and thickly populated parts, eschewed London, and decided on settling themselves in a little house on the breezy brow of Hampstead Heath till such time as Theo should be married, and the mother be free to select her own residence.

It was an unfortunate settlement to have made, as it turned out.

"It's nice, and fresh, and quiet," Theo said to Frank Burgoyne, when she had acquainted him with their final decision as to their place of abode; "you didn't know where to advise us to live, Frank, but I think you'll like the place we've chosen."

"I daresay," Frank replied; "don't think much of the neighborhood as a rule, though."

"It's lovely about there, and we can have plenty of nice walks," Theo said.

Now "nice walks" did not enter into Frank's category of things pleasant. They were all very well when taken in an unpremeditated way, quite away in the country; but to lay oneself out in cold blood to take them in a suburb was a very different thing.

"Ah! ye-s-s; I wish you hadn't gone quite so far out of the way: it's a day's journey to get there."

"Is it very far out of the way?" Theo asked. She was hopelessly ignorant of localities and their respective worth. She did not know how inaccessible were all places beyond Mayfair and Belgravia to the Frank Burgoynes of this world.

"Is it very far out of the way? we seemed to get there very soon, I thought, and get the omnibus—"

"Omnibus!" Frank interrupted. "My dear Theo, your mother doesn't take you about in an omnibus, does she?"

"Of course she does," Theo replied.

"What on earth for?"

"Well, Frank," she said, with a laugh, "the sole carriage in our family is the box upon four wheels down at Hensley, you know."

"That's going from one extreme to another," Frank replied, in an annoyed tone; "but there's something incongruous in your going about in an omnibus; I can't have it."

"Very well," Theo said; "it's rather far for a walk certainly—but if you object to the omnibus I shall have to trudge. I must go there frequently to see how they are getting on with the house before mamma goes in."

"You must take a cab, of course."

"I mustn't take a cab, of course," she said brightly; "*don't* mind such things, Frank," she added, suddenly, and seriously. "I shall not be less worthy of better things, shall I, for having ridden in omnibuses?"

"Less worthy!—you're a darling girl; but you don't quite understand these things. Well, as the house is taken it's no use saying any more about it; it won't be for long."

Theo blushed.

"It must be for some months, Frank."

"Perhaps you're right; for two or three months it may be; you'll be settled there soon now, won't you? by the time I come back you will be quite ready to receive me, and do the honors of Hampstead Heath as an inhabitant."

"Are you going away?" she asked, with a slight touch of disappointment in her tone; "it's so much to me to have you with me, Frank, that I'm afraid I'm getting selfish about it."

"Yes; didn't I tell you that I was going down into Norfolk for a week or ten days?" he replied, with a great assumption of carelessness.

"No; where?"

"To Galton's. Oh, yes, I must have told you, because he asked me long ago."

"I suppose you forgot it," she said, rather sadly.

"I suppose I did," he said quickly. "By the way, speaking of Galton, do you ever hear anything of Harold Ffrench now?"

She shook her head.

"I think, if you should chance to fall in with him again, it will be just as well to give him to understand clearly that you don't want to hold any communication with him; I think it will be just as well, don't you?"

"Perhaps it will be—I mean, it will be if you think so," Theo answered.

She was beginning to feel far less interested in whether she saw or did not see Harold Ffrench, than in Frank's being fully satisfied and entirely pleased with her.

There was a pause after this, for Theo about this period was apt to be completely worn out in body very often, and so less lively in spirit than it behoves a girl to be in presence of her lover. Now, as regarded this particular of her fatigue, Frank was delightful; he never upbraided her for it by word or manner; he was sorry for it in a sympathising way whenever it chanced to come before his notice prominently; but he endured its existence with a good grace, and never reproached Theo for it by the display of any exuberant vitality on his own part.

So now, after Theo had agreed with him that it would be perhaps as well that, if she chanced to fall in with Harold Ffrench, she should make it apparent to him that what had been was not any more, or something to that effect, one of these customary calms befel them, and they sat for a space very silently. At last Theo spoke.

"When did you say you were going down to Norfolk, Frank?"

"Oh! in a day or two. I must go; it's a deuce of a bore, but I must go."

"Why is it a bore?" she asked simply.

And here be it remarked, that the pure and simple interrogation, when one is not prepared to give an equally pure and simple response, is about the most unpleasant form of question to which one can be subjected.

Frank shuffled.

"Because I would rather stay with you," he said, and Theo believed the assertion, finding it a pleasant one after the manner of women.

"Never mind, Frank; it will be only for a week or ten days, you say. What a lot I shall have to do while you're away killing partridges with that dear, good-natured Mr. Galton. My soul recoils," she continued, with a little hardly achieved laugh, "from the task of moving; the going out from here will bring back all things so vividly."

"Dear Theo," Frank said, soothingly, and he was a capital comforter in this, he never talked reason in a time of distress by way of alleviating the latter.

"I am more than half glad after all that you will be out of it," she continued; "if you had stayed in town you would have felt bound to come down and see me sometimes through the turmoil; and I don't look at all well when I'm very dusty, and my eyes are red. No, you'll find Mrs. Galton far pleasanter to look upon for the next ten or twelve days."

She said it carelessly enough, in her desire to reconcile herself aloud to this proposed absence of his. But he fancied he detected a hidden meaning in her words.

"Really, Theo, I don't think that Mrs. Galton would thank you for making such a speech."

"Oh yes she would; she likes people to think and say that she's pleasant to look upon," Theo replied. "I have always thought it. I was completely carried, fascinated out of all judgment by her the first time I saw her. I remember I called her 'charming,' and my poor father said she was full of airs, and graces, and falsity as a performing monkey."

"A choice comparison."

"But then he didn't like her, you see, Frank, and he was half afraid that I was going to set her up as my model, and copy all her lights and shades (especially the latter,) so he meant it as a warning."

"She has the best manner of any woman I know," Frank said, decidedly; "any one might make her a model with advantage."

"You think *I* might, for instance?" Theo asked. It was scarcely a pleasant sound in her ears—this unconditioned praise of another woman's manner.

"I said any one might," Frank Burgoyne replied. "I didn't mean you particularly, you little goose: there's a perfect repose about her that is as far removed as the north pole from the south from coldness or stupid indifference; it's wonderfully taking. A pity your friend, Sydney Scott, hasn't it."

"It wouldn't suit Sydney," Theo said, laughing. "Fancy Sydney with Mrs. Galton's manner, and walk, and voice."

"They would be far more becoming in Sydney or any other woman than that assumption of boyish frankness and loudness in which Miss Scott indulges," Frank Burgoyne said, severely.

"Oh, Frank, you've forgotten the nutting," Theo cried.

"No, I have not; I have not forgotten anything; she flirted furiously at me, if you mean that."

"And what did you do, sir?—one can't get up a flirtation unassisted."

"She always tired me, I know that," he replied; "she was well enough, but a little of her went a long way."

Theo was feeling rather warmly towards Sydney at this special juncture. The bright little blonde, having nothing else on hand at the time, was being very friendly and devoted in numberless small and not easily to be recounted ways. She had volunteered her services on more than one shopping expedition, and she had approved

herself great in the giving of advice relative to the most becoming way of having sable garments made up. "Black, dead black unrelieved, would make you look hideous, Theo, with your dark skin," she had said honestly. And as Theo had no overweening ambition to look hideous, she had availed herself of Sydney's instructions as to the "relief" of the aforesaid black.

"She's not faultless, any more than any one else, but she's very nice, and amusing, and good hearted," Theo said earnestly. She was feeling very warmly towards Sydney, partly, it may be here admitted, because Frank Burgoyne was uttering speeches that savored of disparagement of that young lady. Had his allusions to Sydney been more enthusiastic, Theo might perchance have remembered the nutting, and the wall for the absent violet bows, and sundry other things which she now elected to forget or magnanimously pass over. However, Frank's recollections of Sydney were not of an order to place Miss Scott in the worst light before his betrothed bride; therefore female friendship reigned triumphant, as it is wont to do, of course, and Theo declared Sydney Scott to be "nice, and amusing, and good-hearted, though not faultless."

"She's very brusque, if that is what you call frank; and she wouldn't hurt any one who didn't come in her light, which you may consider good-hearted," Frank replied. "That is my candid opinion of the young lady," he went on.

"Oh, Frank, it's an unjust one," Theo answered. Then she checked herself, remembering that after all Sydney Scott was not a point on which it was quite worth while to have a debate.

"I suppose you won't see much of each other when you go over to Hampstead," Frank inquired presently.

"I don't see why we shouldn't; in fact—well, to tell the truth, I have asked her to come and stay with me as soon as we're settled," Theo said, rather confusedly.

"Good Lord!" Frank groaned.

"What is the matter?"

"What can make you want to see more of that little mass of affectation?" he asked.

"I remember the time you didn't think her that," Theo said, trying a laugh and failing. "Why did I ask her?—oh! because I shall be quite in a strange land, you know, and rather dull sometimes, I fancy; besides, I like her; you surely have no serious objection to it, Frank?"

"Serious objection?—why should I?"

"That's precisely what I want to know."

"I only think she'll be a bore. Of course if she 'amuses you' (I must confess I can't imagine how) it's all right; she is just the mixture of giggling school-girl and sharp garrison-town hack that is most odious to me. But if you like it—"

He did not say what might be expected to happen if Theo liked it; he paused on the speculation, and began a whistle under his breath, as it were—a whistle with no heart in it, but a great deal of ill-temper—a whistle of that soured, soundless character that is infinitely aggravating to listen to.

"Whatever she may be she isn't a bore," Theo argued.

"That's just as you take it; you must forgive me, Theo, if I don't congregate together with her at your new place at Highgate—Highbury—which is it?"

"It's neither," Theo replied laconically.

"Where is it, then?"

"I had better not give you the address again till you are on the verge of visiting it," she replied; "you will forget it before occasion calls you that way, since your memory is so bad for that special quarter."

"Don't try to be sarcastic, dear," he replied with that big air of superiority of every sort to which a woman is tolerably sure to be subjected sooner or later when she ventures upon a verbal passage of arms with a man. "Don't try to be sarcastic, dear; that essaying to be sarcastic is one of your friend Sydney's most disagreeable habits. I should be very sorry to think that you had caught it of her."

She was very tired. The only one who had been uniformly tender, considerate, and loving to her had been "gone away" such a very little time. She had been very sorely buffeted. She was very tired!

"I won't try to be sarcastic, or anything else you don't like, Frank, really," she said, almost meekly; "only *don't* snub me for liking Sydney Scott, and sometimes wishing to see her, for I'm very lonely, you know."

"Lonely! when you have me!" The grand creature to whom she was engaged could scarcely realize the possibility of loneliness and himself revolving in the same orbit.

"Lonely! when you have me!"

"I haven't you always—or often, even. I might as well bewail myself because you are going down to the Galtons, and ask how you can care for pointers and partridge-shooting when you can see me."

His fair Saxon beauty clouded over with a dark red flush.

"We are talking mere imbecilities now," he said, coldly. Then, seeing that Theo's face fell, he added suddenly: "And it must be my fault that we are doing so, for you're a sensible, dear girl."

Which afterthought was all very well in its way, but was utterly powerless to efface the impression made by the former part of his sentence.

"Come, Theo," he said, after a time, seeing that Theo still continued grave, "you're not going to be glum, are you?"

"No, certainly I'm not; but I had engaged to ask you to do something to-morrow night, and now I scarcely know how to do it."

"Never mind; tell me what it is."

"You won't like doing it, I'm sure, now; but, after all, I only engaged to ask you, and you can refuse."

"What is it?—to go and see that there are no leaks, or cockroaches, or other abominations at the new house? My dear Theo, you'll soon have a place of your own—a decent one too, by Jove! You'll never like this one, I'm persuaded, away on those wilds."

"It's not that, Frank," she said, half laughing, and more than half vexed; "it's not that at all; it's nothing half so bad in reality as you have imagined, so I have courage to ask. Will you go with the Scotts to the ball to-morrow night?"

"No; why should I?"

"There's no reason why you should, of course; you may imagine that *I'm* not bent upon your going; only it was arranged that you should go, you know, before—"

She stopped suddenly, and Frank nodded his perfect appreciation of all she had said, and thorough appreciation of all she wanted, and found herself unable, to say.

"And now Sydney Scott seems to think it rather hard that you should be kept away, as she calls it, on my account; it's rather flattering to you, sir, for Sydney is at a premium here."

Frank Burgoyne smiled.

"Does she pretend to you that she cares for me to go? she doesn't mean it; it would be different if I were not done for."

"Really I don't think your being 'done for' makes the smallest difference in her wanting to dance with you."

"Those balls are awfully slow affairs, are they not?"

"I never found them slow," Theo answered candidly. In truth those balls had seemed dazzling scenes of delight to her, unhappy as she had been when she attended them.

"Ah! that was because you were fresh; I have heard that they are mere travesties of the military balls. However, as you have set your heart upon my going with your little friend, I'll do it."

"I think perhaps that Sydney's heart is more set upon your going than mine is, since I shall not be with you, Frank; but it's very good of you to say you'll go, very good indeed."

Frank looked as if he thought himself noble to a degree.

"I suppose there will be a whole army of Scotts, won't there? we shall go in procession."

"Oh, no: Sydney stands alone; only her father and mother will be there; here's the ticket."

Mr. Burgoyne took it with much unconcern.

"Need I write to old Scott, and express myself obliged for this?" he asked, "because I ain't obliged, you know. I hate anything of the kind."

"Well, as you like; it would be civil, but if you don't want to be that, I will tell Sydney to-night that your grace is going, and that she had better stand in a secluded corner and keep that portion of the British army there assembled at bay till you vouchsafe to arrive and lead her forth in the mazy dance."

He laughed. "You may tell her I'm going," he said. "I will just look in for an hour, and then come back here and talk to you, my darling." Which remark settled the subject.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BALL.

Frank—a recruit for the overflowing ranks of the noble army of martyrs—came down the following night and exhibited himself to Theo's admiring gaze in glorious garb. That is to say, his garb was not glorious by any means—the dress of the day does not deserve this epithet—but solemnly arrayed in slight mourning, as it is the custom of men to be when they are going to attend that most festive of all gatherings—a ball.

The ball-room was a long apartment, with stone walls, and marble busts at the upper or honorable end. It struck a chill into Frank's heart as he entered it, partly by reason of these stone walls and partly because the light which pervaded it was of the dim religious order. A band was perilously perched in a little gallery (a temporary erection) behind and above the row of marble busts. And countless fair beings were the same—that is, perilously perched on benches on all sides of the room.

It was scarcely what one could have called a brilliant scene on the whole, but at least there was brilliancy in one portion of it, as soon as his entrance was marked. The spot of ground on which Miss Scott stood seemed positively radiant, as that fair young being brought herself and her partner up abruptly at sight of Frank, and welcomed him with a gracious smile, and a well-gloved hand. She was incapable of speech by reason of having galloped all her breath away.

"Shall I introduce you to a partner, Mr. Burgoyne?" she asked, as soon as she had recovered herself in a measure.

"Thank you—" he was about to add, "not just yet," but she nipped his refusal in the bud.

"There's Miss Clarissa Smith sitting down as usual; look, shall I take you up to her?" She pointed as she spoke to a lady who had been young at some remote period.

"You're very good," Frank replied stiffly. "I think, if you'll excuse me, I will—"

"Or, see, if you don't like her there's her second sister. I wouldn't advise *her* for a round dance though," she continued, reflectively; "she has what we should call a gaudy action in a horse."

Frank tried to look disgusted with the manner adopted by his guide in this strange country, into which he had adventured himself. He tried to look disgusted, and he failed; more than that, he tried to feel disgusted, and not even in that could he quite succeed.

"There are four more Miss Smiths somewhere about the room," Sydney said cheerfully; "fancy coming to a ball with five of one's sisters!"

"I can't fancy it," Mr. Burgoyne replied.

"Will you take another turn, Miss Scott?" Sydney's partner, who had, like the far-famed Arab steed, been standing meekly by throughout this conversation, here ventured to suggest.

"Presently," Miss Scott replied; when she did take another turn she meant to take it on the arm of Mr. Frank Burgoyne, but she did not care to make her meaning manifest.

"The Miss Smiths being unpromising, as far as I can see, perhaps you will be good enough not to hand me over to one of them," Frank said.

"If you would rather not, I won't, certainly; but what is to be done?"

It was all plain sailing now. Frank's course was obvious.

"Nothing—unless you will take pity on me yourself."

Sydney showed signs of a readiness to desert at once. It was useless the young ensign with whom she had been dancing assuming a look of humble trust that she would not leave him. It was useless his delivering himself of the hope that she "wouldn't spoil the best waltz of the evening in *that* way."

"Oh! you know everybody, and can find a partner directly," she said aloud; "then she added in a whisper, "don't be disagreeable, Mr. Hargrave; what will Theo Leigh think of me if I don't try to make things pleasant to Mr. Burgoyne?"

Hargrave declined to see the force of this.

"I have no doubt that Theo Leigh would forgive you for not making such a tremendous fuss as all this about him," he said, rather sullenly; "let him stand in a corner if he can't find a partner. Our fellows never have much difficulty in getting one here, though," he continued with a small, well-pleased laugh, that Sydney could have smothered, and was determined to punish him for.

"Your 'fellows' are more easily satisfied then, I conclude; come! it must be so," she added, a trifle imperiously, "and I'll give you the next quadrille."

"So you really mean to throw me over?" Mr. Hargrave asked, to which Sydney replied,

"Oh! not that, certainly; but—" here she ceased all efforts at explanation, and went off with Frank Burgoyne.

When the dance was over Sydney made a fleeting allusion to her mamma.

"We can't work our way through that crowd, that is very clear," she began; "if we do, away will go the better part of my dress, and mamma is there."

"Never mind: she will know you can't be lost," he responded.

"Ah! but I must get to her presently, to introduce you."

Now Mr. Burgoyne had no marked inclination to be introduced to the parent-bird. Sydney was all very well, for an hour or two, he told himself, especially bedecked as she was on this occasion and brilliant from excitement. But a matured, expanded Sydney, from that he would abstain.

"Till I can pilot you in safety down to the dowager's divan you may as well beguile the moments of waiting by telling me who's who in 13—."

"Shall I begin with the beauties or the peculiarities?" she asked.

"Begin with what you have most of," he replied.

"H'm, well! that's putting me in rather a difficult place. There are the six misses Jones, for instance—"

"You called them Smith just now," he interrupted.

"Ah! they were the Smiths, but there are six Joneses too; they run in half dozens in these regions; that is Miss Jones passing along there in a blue dress and a green wreath: sweet taste, isn't it?"

"Under which denomination do you place her?—beauty or peculiarity?"

"That is hard to say; she's the beauty of the family, for the others are ever so much uglier; some people out of her family may admire her too. I have no prejudice in favor of such an extreme length of nose myself."

At this moment Miss Jones came too near to be openly discussed. She was tall, fine, dark, flashing. Small wonder that Sydney had no prejudice in favor of Miss Jones's style of beauty. By her side, the bright little blonde looked stumpy.

"Do you see those two Oakhursts, in their eternal black dresses?" Miss Jones asked of Sydney, as she came to a pause near her.

Sydney nodded.

"Yes; they always look nice—not that I think them pretty," she replied.

"Nice, do you think they look? Well, now, I think them so dowdy-looking; black wants so much relief, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Sydney assented carelessly. She wanted Miss Jones to move on, and Miss Jones evidently had no desire to do so. Miss Jones was partnerless at the moment, and Frank Burgoyne looked promising.

"Talking of black, I saw Theo Leigh to-day; *how* well it suits her! but then she's pretty in everything," Miss Jones remarked, rolling her big dark eyes round upon Frank. She had never been introduced to this gentleman, therefore it was quite allowable, she thought, to discuss the girl he was engaged to before him, and seem not to know him to be what he was.

Frank turned his head away, and looked and felt annoyed. Sydney replied curtly:

"Yes; she does. Oh! there's mamma."

"Wait one minute, Sydney," Miss Jones cried, and then she made a whispered communication to Sydney, with many noddings of her head, and flutterings of her fan, and archings of her eyebrows, and rollings of her eyes. She was regarded as "a fine animated creature" by the members of her own family, and by very youthful marine officers generally. Small boys clothed in the uniform of that glorious corps, mentioned with pride the number of times in which they revolved round her in the mazy dance during the evening. She had a bounding way of taking the room at the first strain of waltz or gallop that caused their brains to whirl. "She was a fine creature, and could go the pace and no mistake," they said to one another as they wiped their brows when they had deposited her after a burst of the kind. Perhaps the secret of their adoration for her might be found in the fact of a progress with her never being wholly unmarked. When they lacked height, she had it. "She showed off well in a crowded room where little girls were lost, you know." Frank looked at the fine creature while she was making her whispered communication to Sydney, and he hated her. He hated her for her evolutions—after the manner of ungrateful men—though they were all gone through by her for the purpose of pleasing him. He hated her for calling the girl he was going to marry "Theo." He hated her for tapping Sydney Scott with her fan. "Why the deuce when women can't handle it better do they carry one at all?" he asked himself. He couldn't bear her blue dress and her green wreath. She looked to him like a woman who, when she had achieved an introduction to him for herself, would bring up her six sisters, and bid him stand and deliver himself up to one of them for a dance. In a word, he detested Miss Jones. He knew that if he urged a flight from her that he would be carried in procession, and shown to Mrs. Scott; but of two evils he favored the unknown, and longed for the moment when dutiful scruples should again assail Sydney.

That moment came at last.

"There's mamma making a dear old funny face at me," Sydney suddenly exclaimed, directing Frank's gaze as she spoke down along a vista that was bordered by beings with backs, and defenders of their country. Two sets of quadrilles had just been begun. And the onus was off Sydney of attending to any one save Frank for at least one dance more.

"Shall we go and see what she wants?" Frank asked, looking as he spoke at a wide old lady who was attired in what resembled silken bed-curtains, over which an arabesque pattern had been formed by an unsteady hand. Then his eye fell upon a something crimson with what looked like a shaving-brush stuck in at the top which surmounted Mrs. Scott's head, and he felt sorry that he had asked "shall we go and see what she wants?" "Why do British matrons wear turbans, and attempt to achieve a faint resemblance to the Turks?" he groaned inwardly in spirit, as he led Miss Sydney up to her mamma.

Now Mrs. Scott had come to this ball fraught with the firm determination to render all honor unto Mr. Burgoyne. "I know what's due to the nobility—none better," she had said when Sydney had told her that Mr. Burgoyne was going to be there, and that they must all be civil to him. "I know what's due to the nobility,—none better; it isn't they as give themselves most airs as has mixed with the best; before I married your father, Sydney, I sat down to dinner many a time with a lord's son."

"Well, Mr. Burgoyne isn't a lord's son, and never mind telling him anything about those dinners before you married papa, mamma," Miss Sydney had replied. The mention of them was not by any means agreeable to her, for she had gathered that the sole sprig of nobility who had partaken of her maternal grandfather's hospitality in those bygone days which Mrs. Scott recalled with unction, had been a naval cadet, the son of a lord mayor who had recklessly run up a long tailor's bill, and then affably dined with said tailor to decrease it. No wonder that Miss Sydney said:

"Never mind telling him anything about those dinners."

Mrs. Scott was absolutely basking in the refulgence of her own smiles when the pair came up to her. It had always appeared to her a most unjust dispensation of Providence that all the good that had come of that visit to Hensley which her daughter had paid, should have fallen to Theo Leigh's share. The mother had some undefined feeling of Sydney having been wronged in the matter, for before the climax came, Sydney had communicated her belief in a widely different climax approaching. There had been a semi-tone of reproach in Mrs. Scott's salutation to her daughter on that daughter's return.

"I never expected, after what you said, to see you come back as you went, Sydney; young men have no business to trifle with girls in that way, and if I were your father I should take the matter up. I'll be bound that's what Mr. Leigh went down for—to bring him to the point with Theo."

"I don't think that," Sydney had replied; "but I do think that Theo got him away just to spite me: I know he liked me best."

"To be sure he did," the fond parent replied, with a touch of the true parental prejudice; "and I have made no secret of what *I* think of their conduct in taking a young man by surprise, as one may say, before he knows his own mind; but they ain't married yet, and they've behaved as bad to you as can be."

Which speech caused Sydney to regard herself as much wronged, and as being fully justified in doing anything. Nevertheless, she practised the virtue of Christian forgiveness, and kept "very friendly," as has been seen, with Theo Leigh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Miscegenation—Brazilian Barbarity—Beasts—Birds—Fruits—And Flowers.

Nowhere else in the world has the intermingling of blood been so general, and productive of such palpable results, as in Brazil. The ideas of the Brazilians in regard to the African race, run peculiarly in two separate and distinct channels—the one inducing the utmost contempt for the negro in a state of bondage; the other, teaching his equality in every respect, the moment that condition is changed and the slave becomes free.

Running parallel with these contradictory characteristics, is the practice so universal all over the empire of intermarrying with Africans, or Brazilian *grades*; and they are not over nice in their distinctions between the thorough bred, imported negro, and the octoroon grade. Wherever there is a preference, it is almost invariably manifested by the women, and in favor of the pure ebony, or a very near approach to the color, as imported.

At a capital of one of the provinces, a town of considerable importance, I knew a *delegado*, or chief magistrate of the municipality, as black as the King of Dahomey, the husband of one of the fairest women I had ever seen in Central Brazil, father to four tawny daughters, whose ages ranged from thirteen years to six, and step-father to three beautiful young ladies as fair as their mother, whose ages were between fifteen and twenty; and often have I seen the parti-colored sister group going to or returning from mass, or assembled in their parlor, toying with and caressing each other as lovingly as if they had all been of legitimate color and kin.

The mother, within six months after the death of her first husband, who for several years had been *delegado*, had married her present husband, then one of the blackest and ugliest of her slaves, by the act elevating him to the rank of a Brazilian citizen, though still her bondman; and, through her position and influence, her sable husband was elevated to the chief magistracy of the town, and to a social equality with the best society therein, though he could neither read nor write, and had no more ideas of the political necessities of the place or province than a pig has of Paradise.

Instances of such marriages are common all over the country; the natural result being a modern population something the color of a saddle, and a very general deterioration of language and humanity.

There is a legal custom current in Brazil, that a slave ambitious of achieving his freedom, has the privilege of laboring on his own account, so long as he pays to his owner monthly a sum amounting to *dois estoins* (fifty cents) per day. In many of the cities and commercial towns, an active, industrious fellow will average his two dollars per day, Sundays included, and the cost of maintaining himself being scarcely ever more than twenty-five cents per day, he puts by thirty-four dollars a month, and buys himself out in a brief period. Once a free man, and he becomes at once invested with all the franchises and social advantages of a Brazilian citizen, and may, and frequently does, marry the daughter of his former proprietor, and settle down in business.

As a rule, however, the self-emancipation of the Brazilian slave results in no lasting benefit to himself or any one else. Finding himself free, not another day's labor is he going to perform—not he. Isn't he a Brazilian citizen? Labor is degrading to a free man, he argues. So he bargains with the proprietor of some *pulpero*, or *venda*, to supply him on credit with all he wants to eat and drink, and he riots on the best in utter idleness, until he has eaten and drank himself up. Then the proprietor of the vendo puts his sable debtor up at auction, and repays himself from the proceeds of the sale. The short-lived free man becomes a slave again, and it is rarely indeed that he makes a second attempt at self-emancipation.

With all his demonstrative hospitality and generous freedom of manner, the Brazilian of the interior is an unreliable friend, an unrelenting enemy, and as remorseless in his hate or vengeance as the blood-thirsty leopard. He delights in cruelty, revels in blood, and gloats over the protracted torture of his enemy. Excite, by intention or accident, his anger, hate, jealousy, or even suspicion, and finding you off your guard, he will pass his murderous knife through your vitals with as little compunction as he would chip off the head of a capon for his dinner.

Who but a Brazilian *campanciro*, or an uncivilized barbarian, would bind together by the hind legs, with wiry thongs of raw hide, a pair of sheep or calves, and flinging them over the back of a mule, drive away to market, five leagues distant perhaps, the heads of the helpless brutes trailing on and bobbing over the ground until skin and flesh are worn to the bare bone, eyes torn from their sockets, and all the while the helpless victim are bleating piteously, and the heartless wretch rides on behind, laughing heartily at times at the results of his own heartless cruelty, and trolling, perhaps, a love ditty, quite unconscious that he is a human devil?

Who but a fiend incarnate would nail to the ground, with forked stakes driven over the limbs, an offending slave, and then seating himself astride the naked body, draw his keen-edged knife transversely across his victim's shoulders, back and loins; scoring them as the housewife does the rind of the pork she sets to bake, and then quite nonchalantly smoking his cigarretto with devilish glee, rub into the scotched surface handfuls of coarse, fiery salt.

One of their favorite practices was to kill enemies particularly obnoxious, whom they chanced to capture in battle, in their frequent provincial revolutions, by a process almost too horrible for relation.

Pinioning the victim securely with thongs of raw hide, they would slaughter a bullock, flay him, and in the reeking hide sew up the captive wretch, drawing the green skin tight over the whole body, leaving the head to protrude through a hole cut in the neck of the hide, and then placing the *sewed up* prisoner on his back, leave him to his fate. As the burning rays of a tropical sun contracted the hide, the pressure gradually increased, as did the pain also, and after lingering sometimes through many hours of intense suffering, the hapless wretch would be finally crushed to death in the mighty grasp of that shrinking hide, dying by torments more exquisite than any torture ever invented by the infernal ingenuity of the inquisition.

I had a friend, Dr. Edward Bradon, of Buffalo, N. Y., a most estimable man, who was murdered in this horrible manner.

There had been a battle fought near Pelotas, in the Province of Rio Grande, and both parties retired, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field, to the pangs of wounds, hunger, thirst, and the mercy of wild beasts. In his great hearted philanthropy Dr. Bradon went out to the battle-field with his pack mule loaded, and his medicine chest, seeking to relieve the wounded of both parties. A company of imperialists returning for plunder seized upon the doctor as he was dressing the wounds of one of their own party, and carrying him a league from the field, there put him to death by lingering torments in the manner described.

I was of the party who discovered the unfortunate man on the third day after his disappearance, and never while I live shall I forget the horrible spectacle presented to our eyes by that ghastly head protruding through the shrivelled hide. My friend had but recently died, and he must have suffered an eternity of torture in the embrace of that terrible raw-hide engine. The features were distorted out of the very semblance of humanity, his tongue, black and swollen, lolled far out between his wide open jaws, gashed and mangled where he had bitten and gnawed it in his terrible death agony. The eyes, all blood shotten, protruded from their sockets, and great drops of blood were dying down into crimson wafers all over his face, where they had been forced through the pores of the skin by the crushing pressure of that inflexible hide.

There were ten of us—all his countrymen—who knelt beside the murdered man, and vowed to wreak a terrible vengeance on the perpetrators of the infernal deed. Ten days thereafter, we redeemed our vow.

I had thought to pass by such revolting details. But how could I better illustrate the features of South American civilization, than by a brief record of such facts as have come under my personal observation?

But Brazil is not all horrors and inhumanity. There is a bright side to the picture. Let us turn to it.

Most appropriately has the vast empire of Don Pedro Segundo been styled a world of birds and flowers. In no other region of the wide world has Flora planted a domain so wide, so variegated, and truly magnificent. Pass over those almost boundless meadow-oceans under the Equator, the vast Llanos of the tributaries of the Amazon, or the wide, treeless pasture lands of the *Sertons*, and everywhere you behold the earth carpeted with flowers more gorgeously beautiful than ever were woven in Persian loom, or wrought in holiday wreath. Traverse the southern sierras, wander over the wide pampas, or follow the devious courses of the rivers, and everywhere your pathway is paved with flowers. Climb the rugged steeps of the Coast Range, and always the pleasant odor of magnificent parterres of Flora's own planting is in your nostrils.

Almost as numerous, and equally as beautiful as her flowers, are the birds of Brazil. Here Nature has displayed her widest range of creation in ornithological wonders. From the majestic condor of the crested Andes, down to the tiniest variety of the humming-bird, everywhere the feathered legions of the tropical empire present a type of novelty and beauty peculiar Brazilian.

From the great crested vulture, soaring a very speck in the blue vault of Heaven, his eagle eye scanning the breadth of a kingdom, and scenting his carnival of blood a score of

leagues, down to the atomic basquilla, chirping his merry cricket glee in the orange grove, the habits, plumage and song of all this bird world, are distinctively peculiar.

Wild pigeons, gray and green and blue, with red wings and pinnated heads, singing not unlike the Baltimore Oriole, swarm in myriads along the western rim of the Great Central Basin. Along the borders of marshes, by river shores, and beaches of salt water bays, strides in majestic pride the crimson Flamingo. The depths of the grand old forests are vocal with the voices of many hued and singularly-formed songsters—most singular among them all, the Toucan, chanting with his monstrous beak, larger than himself, the bass notes of the feathered concert, his metallic voice—*lang-doo-do-can—coling-a-lank*, ringing clear and distinct, in a thousand echoes. The less frequented lakes, rivers, and secluded bays of the southern provinces, swarm with beautiful plumaged water fowl, unlike ours of the Northern world, many among them musical; and, most numerous of the Brazilian bird fleets, are the graceful swans, both white and black, and so fearless of man, that in sailing a boat, or paddling a canoe, along a surface of water literally covered with them, one may pass his hand along their downy backs, and not excite a symptom of fear or shyness.

On the magnificent island of Canaan, which you will find on the map of South America, situated near the coast, between Santa Catharina and Santos, in a fine old *adobe* mansion, where for nearly a year I made my home, we had growing on the northern side of the house a famous fig-tree, one great, horizontal branch of which pushed itself out and in through an open casement, growing along the lofty ceiling until it reached and was turned back by the opposite wall. The great leafy screen overhead, was always in their season ladened with luscious, purple figs, and in its recesses fifty pairs of beautiful humming birds, of a dozen varieties, some scarcely larger than the humble bee, had made their homes, and reared their tiny broods.

Frequently, the dark-eyed senoritas, smearing their ruby lips with honey, would mount upon forms or tables, and the brilliant little sunbeam rovers after sweets, would dart down from their leafy perches, utterly fearless of humanity, and poising on invisible wing, sip honey from the upturned lips, some of which were sweet enough without honey to tempt lawless kisses from the tiny bird wooers.

The fruits of Brazil, though not so varied in kind as in some other tropical countries, are delicious in flavor, and profuse in quantity.

Apples can nowhere be grown, having much of the *apple* about them either in taste or appearance; and pears and plums grow but indifferently. Cherries, of many varieties, are produced in abundance and of superior excellence; while in all the southern provinces, where the temperature of the climate approximates somewhat to that of our middle states, peaches, the largest and finest flavored I have ever tasted in any country, grow both wild and under cultivation, wonderfully prolific.

Besides the various fruits known and propagated in the United States, Brazil yields, according to climate and locality, grapes, figs, dates, tamarinds, pine apples, oranges, plantains, bananas, pomegranates, and of the smaller fruits, varieties almost endless, and in flavor as deliciously palatable as ever solaced the palate of pomological epicure.

I have seen in many instances, throughout the more southern provinces, a very ingenious forced habit of the strawberry-plant, the economy of which I have often wondered that some of our Northern cultivators of that delicate and delicious berry had not informed themselves of, laid hold of and practised upon, long before this time.

The plant is placed in infancy in a tub, box, or jar, of sufficient capacity to contain say a peck of earth, and being freely supplied with such plant food as most conduces to the formation of woody fibre, the blossoms and every ambitious runner being inexorably pinched off as soon as ever they appear, the plant shoots up into a vigorous, hard wooded shrub, taking on perennial habits, and by the third season acquires the characteristics and proportions of a low growing, stocky shrub, very symmetrical and perfectly hardy; producing fruit abundantly, of a larger size, and quite equal in flavor to the best annual berry I ever tasted.

Having acquired this condition, and being judiciously cut and kept free from runners, the Brazilian strawberry shrub endures, as I am informed, for years, producing consecutively and abundantly annual crops of most excellent berries.

I could discover no anatomical difference between the structure or constitutional characteristics of these South American strawberry plants, and our own in North America, and if there be a reason why any of our ordinary plants cannot with like treatment be educated in the same way, I am not aware of it.

☞ Mrs. Thistlethwaite, a lady-preacher, is now the sensation, in London. A London paper says that she speaks, dresses, and altogether demeans herself in good taste. A black silk dress, with plain white collar and cuffs, her hair neatly arranged, and an earnest, thoughtful countenance, combined with the evident sincerity of her motives and the dignity of her movements, forbid anything like levity on the part even of a large miscellaneous congregation. She speaks fluently and persuasively, without any note, and with considerable force and elegance.

☞ Everywhere through the country the growing crops are represented as presenting a most thrifty appearance, and the evidences are that there will be unusually large yields. Mowing grasses promise to be very heavy, and this, in connection with the forwardness of the season, has caused a decline in the price of hay, which at this time is very abundant, there being more sellers than there are purchasers.

☞ A German "Sensational."—A cattle dealer of Prussian Silesia was murdered and robbed some twelve years since, and no trace of the murderer could be found. A year later the murdered man's daughter married a master butcher, with whom she has lived ever since. A few days back, while preparing to remove to another house, the woman found, among her husband's effects, a small purse embroidered with silver, which she herself had made for her father, and which had disappeared after the murder. A horrible suspicion took possession of her mind, and having taxed her husband with the crime, he made a full confession, and has consequently been arrested and committed for trial.

☞ The *London Lancet* pooh-poohs the importation of the Russian epidemic.

Two Brothers.

Chief Engineer "Sandy" Henderson, of the Onondaga, arrested his own brother last week, and put him in Castle Thunder. Henderson alone, of his whole Virginian family, espoused the national side four years ago. He called at his father's house when Richmond had been occupied, and his brother, opening the door, retreated without speaking.

"This is a warm welcome," said Sandy, ironically, "after four years' absence."

"I know no enemy of my country," said the brother.

"Then," said the engineer, "put on your hat and go to the Provost Marshal's."

Arrived there, Mr. Henderson had a committal to Castle Thunder made out, with three days' absence on parole.' He took his brother to the Onondaga, loaned him money, fed and clothed him, and at the expiration of the time sent him to jail. Neither party relented.

THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON.—It is said that, by Johnston's surrender, we have secured and paroled 3 generals, 5 lieutenant generals, 20 major generals, and 38 brigadiers, and fully 30,000 minor officers and men. The terms are the same as those accorded to General Lee's army. Under the decision of Attorney General Speed, the officers and soldiers in the armies thus surrendered stand simply in the position of paroled prisoners of war, free from molestation by civil authority so long as they continue paroled prisoners of war. They may be declared exchanged, or, by the force of circumstances, may cease to be prisoners of war—but they are not pardoned. For their civil offences they can be indicted and tried the same as any other criminal violating the laws of the country. Some of the leaders may be proceeded against in this way, but for the rest, it is likely that some general disability will be imposed, which will require each individual to overcome by good conduct or oath of allegiance before he can purge himself of his crime.

THE CASE OF THE "WEBB."—The mystery of the rebel ram *Webb* is settled. She had no great rebel on board, no silver, no spoons, nor was she bound to the coast to lay off until Jeff. Davis could get on board. Reed, her captain, having received no pay, attempted to load her up with cotton, rosin, and turpentine, sell off the plunder and the vessel, pocket the proceeds and go to Europe, where he might purchase a title of nobility, and live like a gentleman. The pursuit from New Orleans, the sudden opposition of the *Richmond* coming up the river, put an end to these visions of fancy. Capture, death, or destruction were the alternatives before Reed, and he concluded to set fire to the boat and endeavor to make his escape. He succeeded in one object, but failed in the other. He has been captured and now is in New Orleans. So ends the history of the last rebel ram.

SNEEZING.

If you sneeze on Monday, it indicates danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, you will meet a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, you will receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, you will get something better;
Sneeze on Friday, indicates sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, you will have a beau tomorrow;
Sneeze before you eat, you have company before you sleep;
If you sneeze before you are dressed, you will see your beau before you go to rest.

☞ The War Department has ordered to be printed six hundred thousand blank discharges, on parchment paper, with a large number of muster-out rolls and other papers, for the coming reduction of the army.

☞ A friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of wag about it.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is unchanged. About 3000 bbls Flour have been disposed of within the range $6.25@7.75 for common and good superfine; $8@8.50 for extras; $8.50@9.50 for extra family, and $10@11 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6.50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal; sales 150 bbls Penna at $5.75 ₩ bbl. Of Mill Feed sales are reported at $40@47 ₩ ton.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is dull, with sales of some 25,000 bus at $1,90@2.10 for reds, $2@2.05 for prime Penna and Delaware and $2.15@2.35 for white, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1.05. Corn; sales reach 30,000 bus at $1.30@1.35 for yellow, and $1.32 for white. Oats, some 25,000 bus found buyers at 83@86c for Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market is less active, with a few small sales of barreled Meats at 30@31 for Mess Pork, and $16@24 for country and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams are selling at $27@28 ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off at 20@24c for plain and fancy Hams, and 17½@18½c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales are moderate at 19@21c for Pickled Hams, and 16@16½c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard—Sales at 18@19½c for bbls and tes. Butter—Sales at 15@25c for common to prime packed and roll; choice lots are held at 35@40c, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is quiet at 18@20c ₩ doz. Eggs are bringing 25@26c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 450 bales at 43@53c for middlings.

BARK is rather more inquired for at $25@26 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is held at 54c.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and lower.

FEATHERS—Good western command 67c ₩ lb.

FRUIT is dull and unsettled.

HAY is selling at $20@21 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 40@50c for first sort eastern and western.

IRON continues dull, with sales of Pig Metal at $35@43 for the three numbers of American.

LUMBER is firm. Sales of White Pine at $31@32; Yellow Sap boards at $26@27; Hemlock raft at $16; Lehigh boards at $20, and White Pine Shingles at $5@8 ₩ M.

OILS—Petroleum is but little inquired for. We quote crude at 35@36c; refined, in bond, at 54@55c; and free oil at 72@76c, as to quality, with sales of about 1,000 barrels of the latter.

PLASTER is in fair demand at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales of Rangoon at 10½@10¾c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—The active season is over, and there is little or no Cloverseed offering, prices range at $10@17, and Timothy seed at $4@4¼ ₩ bus. Flaxseed is in steady demand at $2.50@2.55 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells slowly at 225@240c. Whiskey is dull at 214@215c for bbls.

TALLOW—About 20,000 pounds have been disposed of at 11@11¼c.

WOOL—There is rather more inquiry for this staple; some 500,000 lbs are reported at 65@75c for low mixed and fine fleece, chiefly at 70@72c for fine, including unwashed at 45@48c, and tub at 80@85c ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from $12 to 15.00 ₩ 100 lbs. 2700 Hogs at from $14,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 11 cts ₩ lb. 90 Cows brought from $30 to 52 ₩ head.

JARRE'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to J. ARRE & RENE, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR.

All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of a warm day as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris," and say that if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a vivacity and freshness to the physical system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of SAMUEL C. HART, Druggist and Chemist, 26 South Second street, below Market.

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by

COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, *but not otherwise*. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 718 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF EMBELLISHING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE!—Young men, rushing into the exposures and dangers of a soldier's life, should prepare themselves for the fatal Fevers, the Dysentery, the Sores and Scurvy, which are almost certain to follow. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS used occasionally during the campaign, will insure sound health to every man. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.

BALDNESS PREVENTED.

"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" NO DYE "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."

The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply. Price 75 cents per bottle, or $6 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Add ten drops of Dr. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER to a pint of cold water, and use as a gargle; put a wet cloth around your neck when you retire.

For sale everywhere.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.
H. C. KELLOGG, Agent at Philadelphia.
Also for sale by H. A. BOWERS, N. W. corner 8th and Green Streets, Philada.

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. SURE CURE.

"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"

Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States feb18-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL HARRIS to Miss LOUISA HAGELY, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. CHARLES W. GIFFORD to Miss ANNA L. ERNST, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. HENRY KUCKLER to Miss SALLIE SPEAR, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Mann, D. D., CHARLES A. MANN to SOPHIE, second daughter of Thos. Irvin, Esq., both of this city.

On the 13th of Jan. last, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr. DAVID GLADING to Miss MARY A. LANNERSON, both of this city.

On the 24th of April, by Mayor Henry, ISAAC LAMB to JENNIE D. SWAN, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. JAMES H. TOMP, of North Carolina, to Miss MARY L. HILL, of Philada.

On the 28th of April, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL KENNEDY to Miss MARGARET MCALEESE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. S. Irwin, JOHN POOT to KATE C. SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, ESTHER CARVER, in his 81st year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM C. COFFIN, in his 25th year.

On the 1st instant, THOMAS C. FULTON, in his 30th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN BROWN, in her 58th year.

On the 30th of April, GODFREY MATHOER, in his 27th year.

On the 30th of April, Mr. CHARLES M. SERRETT, in his 23d year.

On the 29th of April, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Philip Ford, in her 51st year.

On the 29th of April, WILLIAM YERGER, in his 49th year.

On the 28th of April, Mr. ABRAHAM POWELL, Sr., in his 74th year.

On the 28th of April, WILLIAM JEFFERIS, in his 74th year.

On the 28th of April, Rev. DANIEL GASTON, in his 65th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

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"COURTSHIP MADE EASY."—A book of 64 pages; price 15 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid. Descriptive price catalogues of over 600 books. Colored Pictures for framing, Cartes de Visite, Albums, &c. Sent free

Address RICHARDS & ROCHE,
my13-3t 101 Division St., New York.

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."

Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.

Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc23-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

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THE HAPPY HOUR,

A Selection of

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS AND CHORUSSES,

For the use of Grammar Schools. By J. B. SHARLAND, Teacher of Music in the Boston Public Schools.

Price 25 cents, on receipt of which copies will be mailed, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
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Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE, No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON, PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

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(Late Withers & Peterson,)

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
my13-3m Philadelphia.

$125 A MONTH!—AGENTS WANTED every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Will do it if you eat *this week*, while they're in chrysalis. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston, make Cedar Camphor. Every druggist sells it.

One package NOW stops as much mischief as a dozen packages will next June.

☞ ATTENTION! ☜

100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES, in Oil Colors, for 50 cents, or plain ones for 25 cents.

100 Photographs of Generals for 25 cents.

☞ All orders must be sent to

C. BRIGGS,
ap8-9t Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,

No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,

Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at PAR, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium, which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a				$50 note.
Two cents	"	"	"	$100 "
Ten	"	"	"	$500 "
20	"	"	"	$1,000 "
$1	"	"	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th of June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

ap22-3m PHILADELPHIA.

A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PORT-FOLIO. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot do *without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.

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102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
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DR. BRIGGS' GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or moustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald heads in eight weeks. (and no humbug.) I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send my Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post-paid for $1,25. (Warranted.) Send all orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
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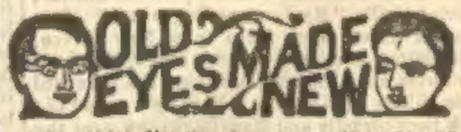

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Opening Court.

An Iowa patriot writes:—It was at the first term of Judge M'F——'s Court, held in B—— County, that the following "good 'un" was really perpetrated:—

A new sheriff had just been elected, and the Judge, wishing to have everything done in order, called the newly-elected official into his room to instruct him as to his duties, and finding said official decidedly verdant as to the proper manner of opening court, wrote out the entire proclamation, and gave him all necessary instructions in relation thereto. Now, it so happened that F——, of P—— County, a fun-loving attorney, was sitting by at the time, and seeing a chance for fun ahead, prepared another proclamation, and by a little legerdemain succeeded in substituting it in the sheriff's hat for the one given him by the Judge. Eleven o'clock came, and so did the order from Judge M'F——, "Sheriff, open court." Drawing his instructions deliberately from his hat, he commenced, in a stentorian voice:—"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The Honorable District Court of the County of B—— is wound up, and all ready to grind. All having grists may pitch in, and their grists shall be ground!" The laugh that came in can only be appreciated by Western men.

A Preacher's Joke.

When preachers do indulge in jokes, they generally let off good 'uns. Here is the last. Away down East, a clergyman was recently charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows:—

"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly—my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place—I have not myself attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to go to those meetings. Finally—I never had a wife."

Chaplain and Contraband.

Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend, can you read?"

Contraband—"Yes, sah!"

Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?"

Contraband—"Sartin, massa, if you please."

Army Chaplain—"Very good. What paper would you choose, now?"

Contraband—"Well, massa, if you chews, I'll take a paper ob terbacker."

The chaplain looked at the contraband, and the contraband looked at the chaplain; then the latter sighed and passed on.

An Ineffective Piece.—I give you a reminiscence of our first assault upon Vicksburg:—

Early in the engagement, when the rebels had just fairly opened upon the Second Division, and Battery B, Second Illinois Light Artillery, had begun to answer shell for shell, General D. Stuart, who is very short-sighted, rode up to the forge of "B," which was standing some distance in the rear of our thundering guns, and called out,

"Why don't you get this piece into position, and answer the rebels? They'll shell us out directly!"

The Dutch smith, standing near, replied,

"Well, Shenecal, me has nothing to schute mit to blacksmit shop but hoe-shoes!"

The infantry support roared, and the "Shenecal's" duties called him to another part of the field very suddenly.

Anecdotes of Quin.—Some of Quin's jests were perfect. When Warburton said, "By what law can the execution of Charles I. be justified?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." No wonder Walpole applauded him. The bishop bade the player remember that the regicides came to violent ends, but Quin gave him a worse blow. "That, your lordship," he said, "if I am not mistaken, was also the case with the twelve apostles." Quin could overthrow even Foote. They had at one time had a quarrel and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little sore. "Jemmy," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I laid in bed while it was washed." "Sammy," replied the actor, "I never could have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

Had Him There.—A friend of ours, who is a clerk in a New York mercantile establishment, relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring—

"Any knives or scissors to grind?"

"Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman, facetiously; "but can't you sharpen wits?"

"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt retort, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

Homes of New England Authors.

Edgewood.—"Ik Marvel" has written very fully of his charming home upon the hillside, which he calls "My Farm at Edgewood." It is situated about three miles from New Haven, Connecticut, peering out most cheerfully from the forest upon the hillside behind the beautiful little village of Westville. Near by a grand old rock rises proudly and flings its shadow over the lovely valley that intervenes between Edgewood and the Sound. Mr. Mitchell has described it most perfectly, and certainly very charmingly, in his recent book. There is no sign of poverty about his home. Rather there is a wealth of beauty, quiet, refinement, and modest elegance, which betokens nothing but the unrest of need or the fruits of misfortune. It is a genial, beautiful home—the abode of real wealth and genuine happiness.

Brightwood.—"Timothy Titcomb" (S. G. Holland, Esq.,) is certainly a most striking proof that the pen is not the weapon of poverty. Not many years ago, friends will remember, he was indeed poor and unfortunate. But he clung most faithfully to the spirit that moved him, and worked right valiantly over all doubt and difficulty until his ideal is about perfect, and no handsomer home looks down upon the Connecticut valley than the elegant, tasteful, and cheerful "Brightwood," the home of his own planning. It is located near Springfield, Massachusetts, upon a beautiful rise of ground that commands a view of surpassing loveliness. Should you pass up that long drive-way that leads through the forest to his doorway, you would not think that authorship is the road to misfortune. And should you meet there the doctor himself, and receive there the cordial welcome he can give, you would think only of a wealth such as any one might well envy, and a happiness that few homes bestow. "Brightwood" is all bright and beautiful.

This is the way Mr. Chiffey hunted; and though it did not last more than two hours, all must admit that it was tough work.

Mrs. Stowe's New Home.—During the past year Mrs. Stowe has been busy in planning for a new and elegant home in Hartford, Connecticut. In one of the finest localities, upon the most beautiful avenue of the city, her new and handsome dwelling is erected. You would not think of poverty here, but rather of plentiful abundance, and a taste that lacks not the means to be satisfied in every particular.

Rose Terry's Home.—This, too, is in Hartford, and is situated in the midst of beauty and elegance. Those of our readers who have enjoyed so many charming poems, need never think of a hand that was ever so empty that a stream of kindly love and charity could not flow forth. There is the same quiet loveliness pervading her quaint home that distinguishes so generally the homes of our authors. You would never think of anything but plenty here.

Gail Hamilton's Home.—Miss Abigail Dodge lives quietly but pleasantly in the staid old town of Hamilton, Massachusetts. Everybody four miles around can tell you where to find "Abby Dodge," for she is a heroine in that secluded country district. A large and neat white farm-house, upon a sunny slope by the roadside, is her old and cheerful home. It is not so elegant as some homes, but everything betokens thrift and prosperity. Gail Hamilton's pen was never impelled by the sting of want, as one can well see by visiting her unpretending but genial and tasteful home.

The Saddened Home at Hartford.—The "House of the Seven Gables" is no fiction. The late Mr. Hawthorne lived quietly and happily under its welcome shelter, close by the road-side, two miles from the village of Concord. It is so concealed by trees that you might pass it unconsciously. And then if you should ask any one for the house of Mr. Hawthorne how quickly and proudly he would point you over into the valley, under the shadow of the hills to the strange roof towering above the trees.

It must have been an old house remodeled thus to be so fantastic, and odd shaped. You cannot see at one glance all the corners and strange additions. All about it is shrubbery, and vines are clinging everywhere. There is a strange atmosphere of mystery and sacred stillness about it. No want hangs its clouds over the spirit that made that home so famous. Mr. Hawthorn's labors were profitable and satisfactory. He never was begging his talents before the American people. And his strange, secluded home disclosed it all. Only a few miles on, upon the same road, still stands the rough shelter that Thoreau has celebrated in the weird tale of "Walden."

Mr. Emerson's Home.—Concord tells no tales of poverty-stricken, or needy writers. Mr. Emerson—better known to the villagers than was Mr. Hawthorne—has a neat and tasteful home, provided for every want and pleasantly located. We do not well see how any man could desire a happier life than his seems to be. Respected, honored, visited by the most famous of this and other countries, and with a never-ceasing supply of refined culture to draw from, he is assuredly no object of pity. We have yet to find an author of repute who suffers for this world's goods.

Mr. Higginson's Home.—This ever-welcome writer—now soldier—lives in Worcester, Massachusetts, and in a home that has all the comforts and refinements that taste can suggest. A happier man is seldom met with. He has his boat upon Lake Quinsigamond, and his rifle for the forest. He can tell you where the flowers bloom earliest and freshest, and he seems to be in league with the trout in the mountain streams. He has a delightful home, and is himself an overflowing fountain of joviality, wit, welcome, and happiness.

The Wayside.—We will bring our random tour to an end by the Cambridge Wayside, already so familiar to the American people. Who does not know of the historic homestead of Longfellow? The muses have not left him to suffer, but have rather loaded him with every comfort and pleasure. His is a beautiful home, though not so cloudless as when the wife and mother was its life and joy. But a pleasant and most cordial welcome awaits all who enter that richly stored library. Mr. Longfellow is a friend of the people, and turns away none from his study or his parlor. The souvenirs of friendship are all about, and everything betokens perfect peace and a full happiness—except the one shadow that death left so suddenly.

☞ The shrewdest reasoners are often the most unreasonable.

AGRICULTURAL.

Road Making and Road Mending.

[A report of a committee on the repairs of roads in the town of Brookline, Mass., having recently been published, the Boston Courier makes the following remarks in reviewing the publication. They are as applicable to this state as to Massachusetts:]

The season of the year has come when half of New England almost will turn out to put the roads in order after the storms and floods of the winter. Where the old fashion is retained, of letting every man "work out his highway tax," carts and men without number will be employed in solving the problem how few trips can be made in a day of ten hours, and how little can be carried at a time; but whatever is thus lost will be made up by the number of men set at work, and so, by an increase of the general loss of time; and everywhere the roads will at intervals be buried deep in gravel, through which horses will painfully plough their way during the spring, which will become dry, and so refuse to settle in the summer, and will finally harden and become smooth just in season for the winter frosts to throw it up and compel fresh repairs next spring. Here and there an unusually favorable soil, or more knowledge and a better system on the part of those in charge, will create an exception; but in general we shall doubtless go on as heretofore, and continue to merit the judgment of engineers, who say that "the common roads of the United States are inferior to those of any other civilized country."

A road should be well made, to begin with—if it is to be a cheap road in the end—and built with a proper foundation, and with suitable drainage. But to secure the latter end, it must not be "crowned" excessively. One authority declares that for a road thirty feet wide a fall of three inches from centre to side is sufficient. If the fall is greater, the water flowing off washes away the sides. Carriages are naturally kept in the middle of the road, which is thus worn too much; or if they travel on the sides there is a sliding tendency which both increases the wear of the road and the labor of the horses; and a carriage changing from one side to the other is forced to surmount a central ridge. The best transverse profile for a road, say the authorities, is that which gives a slight but uniform inclination to the two sides, instead of a curve.

The material of which the surface of a road is made is a matter which has been the subject of much experiment, though in a large part of New England it would seem that nothing but gravel was ever heard of for this purpose. Broken stone is the material which all the experiments have found to be the best—not round stones, for they will not bind, but small angular fragments, spread thinly over the surface of the road, and well packed. The experiments show that on a road thus made a horse can move twice, and some say three times the load which he can draw upon a gravel road. The broken stone is not to be laid on over larger stones, which will work their way to the surface with the frost, nor mixed with gravel or earth, which will prevent the formation of a solid surface. The surface of the road is to be "lifted" with the pick and the material laid on smoothly, not exceeding three inches in depth.

Thus laid on, rolled and properly cared for, it will harden into a solid and durable road.

A road thus made must be taken care of assiduously; but thus cared for, it is found upon trial to be cheaper than the common gravel road with its annual repairs. "Keeping up" a road is very different from "repairing" a road; the former process keeps it always in good condition; the latter makes it occasionally fit for travel, in the short intervals when it is neither unfit by reason of repairs newly made, or in need of further repairs. To keep it up well, men must pass over it frequently. Lay on a shovelfull of stone where a depression has begun to show itself, and before the pounding of wheels has worn a deep hole; fill the ruts—but not with large stones, which will make ridges—and remove all loose stones and rubbish.

Such a practice as this, however, is obviously not to be pursued by the ordinary surveyors of the highways. The surveyors chosen at this March meeting is probably entirely ignorant, as his predecessor was before him, of the whole art of road-making, and if his predecessor learned anything, the new incumbent will probably prefer to follow his own lights. To him it is a simple matter—merely to cart on gravel, as has been done from time immemorial; or if he has any glimmerings of a better method, the tenure and nature of his office do not encourage a change. It is proposed, therefore, by the Brookline committee, that the repairs of roads in the town should be put in the charge of a "professional road maker;" that the horses, carts and implements needed should be owned by the town, and that it should employ a few men the year round to take care of the roads. Such is the system adopted in one or two towns in this vicinity, and proved, by their experience, to be both economical and efficient.

This matter of making and repairing roads is a homely subject, but it is of more importance than is at first realized. If here in New England we could reduce, even by so little as one-fourth, the amount of power needed to draw the loads carried over our common roads, what a vast saving would be effected, not merely in time and convenience, but in wear and tear and in actual money! Any town that indulges itself in indolent habits as to its roads, is paying every year, from the pockets of its inhabitants, many times the cost of keeping good roads in good repair. This is one of the cases where what may be taken for saving is really waste. At present nearly all the towns in the commonwealth manage this important branch of their affairs on a plan which effectually excludes any idea of improvement, are spending twice or three times the money which they need, and are cursed with roads which are a heavy annual tax upon all who have occasion to use them. We are glad that in one town at least—not so badly off as most others—an attempt has been made to call proper attention to the subject, and to the few cases where a better system has been practised.

Items.

Ashes for Asparagus.—John Millen, of Highland county, Ohio, covered his beds with three or four inches of leached ashes, and finds the crop better than with any other manure. Weeds are completely suppressed.

The Maine Farmer says that a lady, who always contrives to have plenty of eggs, says that the best food for hens is a dough made from meal from corn and cobs ground together. Meal of corn alone, or clear corn, is apt to fatten the hens too much, while they do not, in order to be kept in good laying condition, require such concentrated food.

Dr. Guernsey, of New York, claims that by the use of vegetable oil he has overcome the difficulty which has heretofore foiled all attempts that have been made to manufacture cloth from the lint of the common milk-weed. Fifty cents per pound is offered for the fibre, and it is said that 5,000 lbs. can be grown on an acre. Milk-weed may yet be king.

Exhausted and worn-out horses are often speedily restored in France by feeding them couch or twitch grass, mixed with carrots. A Dr. Thompson, of the University Hospital, the Canada Farmer says, has discovered that an infusion of the dried stem is beneficial in irritable conditions of the bladder.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Remove Paint from Cloth, Silk, &c.—I have frequently taken paint out of silk, cloth, and all kinds of materials, with soap and warm water, if the stain was recent. I generally fold a sheet in many doubles, and place it on a table; lay the stained part of the material on that, and, rubbing soap on a toothbrush, I dip the brush in warm water, and with it wash the paint away, the folds of the sheet underneath absorbing the water. When the paint is quite extracted, I remove the material to a dry part of the folded sheet, and after washing the soap from the brush, I dip the brush in a vessel of clean warm water, and wash the soap away. I then rub with a dry towel both sides of the material, and hang it up to dry. Should the paint be dry before using the soap and water, dip a bit of flannel in spirits of turpentine, rub the stain till removed; then wash as above with soap and warm water, as the turpentine always leaves a mark as objectionable as the stain. Some colors are so delicate that soap might change them. I have recently removed paint after many days with turpentine, washed off with pure warm water alone; as I feared the color would change with an application of soap.—*Jenny Wren.*

Lip Salve.—Cut ½ oz. of white wax into very small pieces, and put into a mortar standing in boiling water. After the wax has melted, remove the mortar from the boiling water, and add, by degrees, 2 oz. of oil of sweet almonds, beating it with the pestle until cool, and then mix in ½ oz. of rose-water. To color it, rub in a little carmine with the oil before you pour it into the wax.

Good Pumpkin Pies.—I have a good and cheap way of making pumpkin pies, requiring but little sugar, and without eggs, as follows:—Wash clean, cut and stew a small-sized pumpkin. Then pare and grate four quarts of sweet apples, add to the pumpkin when soft, and stew all together until dry as can be without burning. Sift through a cullender; add one tablespoonful of sugar to four pies, and season and bake as ordinary pumpkin pies. The above preparation can be dried and kept for summer's use.—*Mrs. E. A. Smith.*

Pickled Eggs.—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or six dozen in a capacious sauce-pan, until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, bung them down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and is a relishing accompaniment to cold meat.

A Turkish Stew.—Cut three pounds of nice mutton in pieces about the size of walnuts, place them in a stewpan: if the meat is not fat, add three or four ounces of fresh butter; put the pan on a charcoal fire, and let the meat stew till quite brown, but not burnt, and the fat is as clear as oil, which you will easily see by holding the pan on one side; then take out the pieces of meat with a hand strainer, and put them in a basin: then put three or four finely-chopped onions in the remaining fat, and fry them a nice brown; then lay the pieces of meat over, add one or two handfuls of pistachios, the same of currants, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, two pounds of the best rice, well washed, pour gently two quarts of cold water over, add sufficient salt, put the cover over the pan, and cement round it with flour paste, so as to keep the steam in, put the pan on the fire, and let it boil gently until the whole of the liquid is absorbed; then take off the cover, and turn the contents of the pan carefully on to a hot dish, and serve. This Pilaw is very pleasing to the sight, and exceedingly pleasant to the palate.

☞ Quilp, being asked whether a certain *parvenue* (who had recently got rich by a lucky speculation) was of aristocratic stock, replied: "No; he comes of petroleum stock, not patrician."

THE RIDDLER.

Astronomical Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 2, 14, 3, 12, 5, are the points where a planet passes the plane of the ecliptic.

My 17, 12, 16, 15, 4, 6, 16, is the name of a planet.

My 12, 7, 1, 3, 9, 10, 4, 5, is a large and irregular constellation.

My 5, 6, 15, 10, 3, 1, 12, is a revolution from one conjunction to the same conjunction again.

My whole is requisite in order to become wealthy. LYDIA L. J.

Waverly, Ohio.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. The well where Hagar to the angel spake.
2. From whom did Abraham buy a field and cave?
3. What youth was favored for his father's sake?
4. What king did Saul against God's orders save?
5. What servant slew his master while asleep?
6. Where did they stay who news to David bore?
7. Who for two years did Paul in prison keep?
8. What king till death his dreadful burden bore?
9. Who constrained Paul in her house to abide?
10. Whose coming filled with joy the apostle's heart?
11. From whence was Solomon with gold supplied?
12. Whose folly caused the ten tribes to depart?
13. A man whose firm refusal cost his life.
14. Who freed the Jews captive by Israel made?
15. What great queen's sister was made Hadad's wife?
16. What king of Israel was in prison laid?
17. A place where much affliction Paul endured.
18. What prince gave first his offering to the Lord?
19. Who from the man his noble master cured, Asked and received that master's just reward?

Who will fret, and watch, and grieve,
And strive day after day?
God will his people's wants relieve—
They've but to *wait* and pray.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is a conveyance.
My second is an expression of endearment.
My third is a garment.
My whole is used in travelling.
Mt. Jackson. M. M. LESLIE.

Charade.

My first is the love of little ladies.
My second the limb of a fish.
My whole a strange monster of the deep.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

How high above the surface of the earth must a person be raised to see one-third of its surface, allowing the diameter of the earth to be 8,000 miles? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A certain man bought 9 horses, for the whole of which he paid the sum of $848 49 cents and one-half mill. The price he paid for the first horse was to that which he paid for the second as 5 is to 4; the price of the second horse was to the price of the third as 5 to 4, and so continually, for each subsequent horse, he only paid four-fifths of what he had paid for the preceding horse, in the same decreasing proportion for each of the 9 horses. There are three things I wish to know in this problem. What did he pay for the fifth or middle horse, and supposing he afterwards sold that fifth horse at a middle or mean rate of what he had paid for the whole 9 horses, how much did he gain or lose on that 5th horse alone, and what would he have gained or lost if he had sold all 9 horses in the same proportion of gain or loss?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

John Smith has a hogshead of wine containing 100 gallons. From a tap at the bottom it will discharge one gallon per minute. At the same time there is let into the hogshead, at the top, one gallon of water per minute. Now, supposing the water to be mixed perfectly with the wine as soon as it enters the hogshead, and the wine to be running out, and the water to be running into the hogshead at the same time, it is required to find how much pure wine will remain in the hogshead after they both have been running 100 minutes.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the Central Park skating pond like Niagara? Ans.—It is a good place to see the falls.

☞ Why are suicides the most successful people in the world? Ans.—Because they always accomplish their *own ends.*

☞ Why should turtles be pitied? Ans.—Because theirs is a hard case.

☞ What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet-maker? Ans.—One sells tea-setts and the other settees.

☞ Why does Victoria represent the petroleum interest? Ans.—Because she is Queen of the *Isles.*

Answers to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Major General B. F. Butler. CHARADE—Grate, (rate, tare, tear, ear, are.) CHARADE—Funny, (F, U, N, N, Y.) RIDDLE—U. S. Grant. CHARADE—Heartsease.